

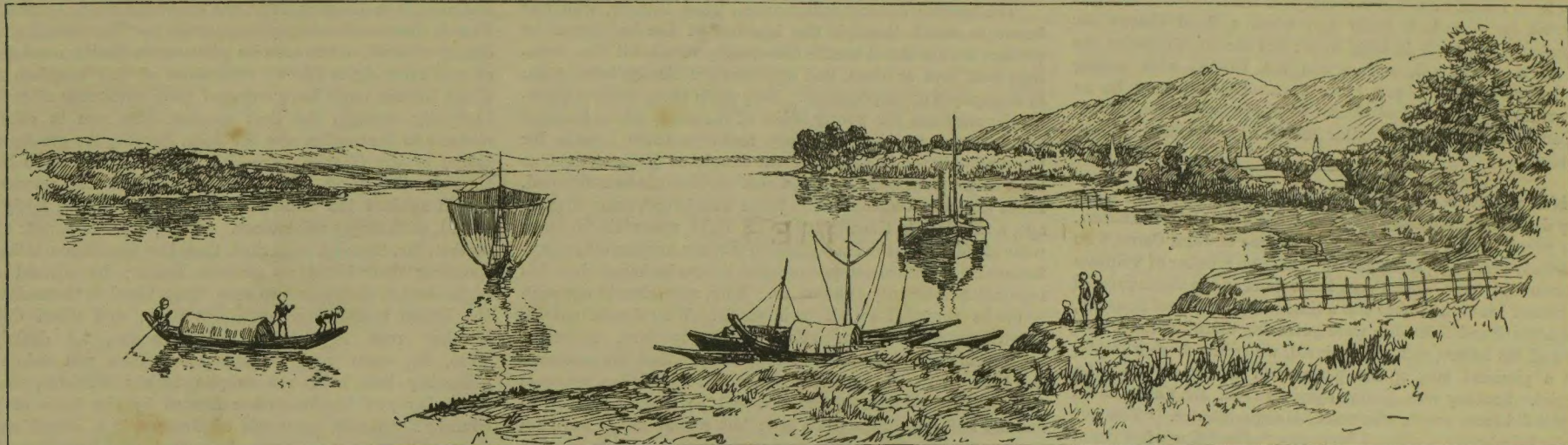
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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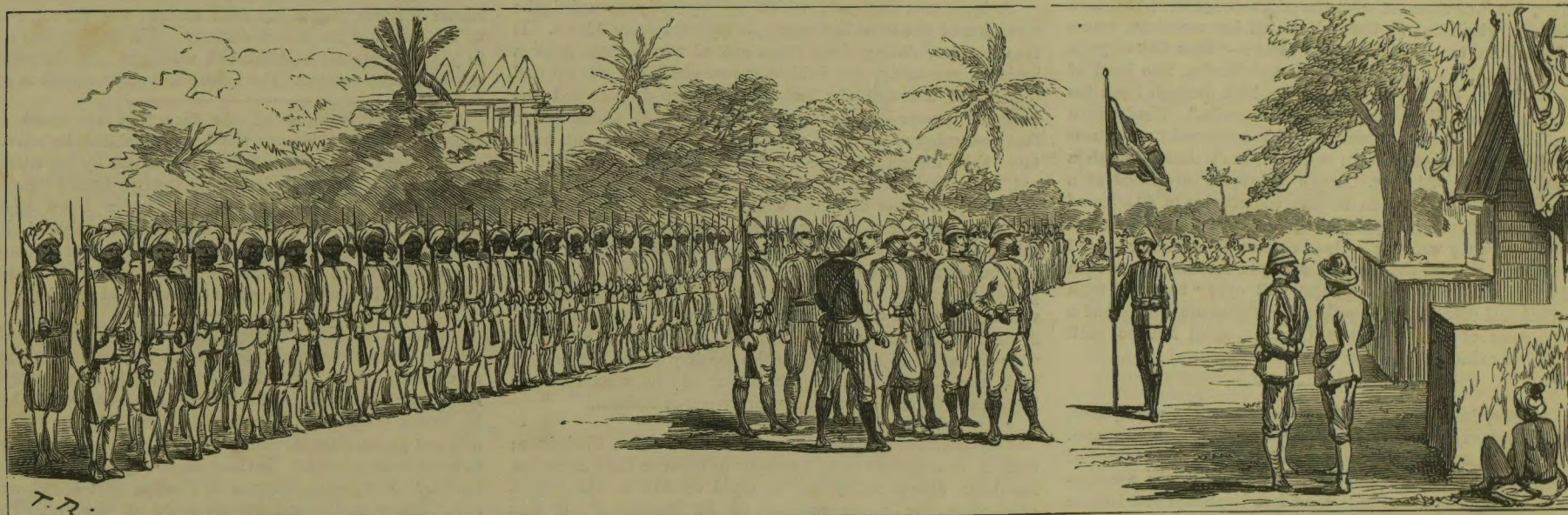
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1886.

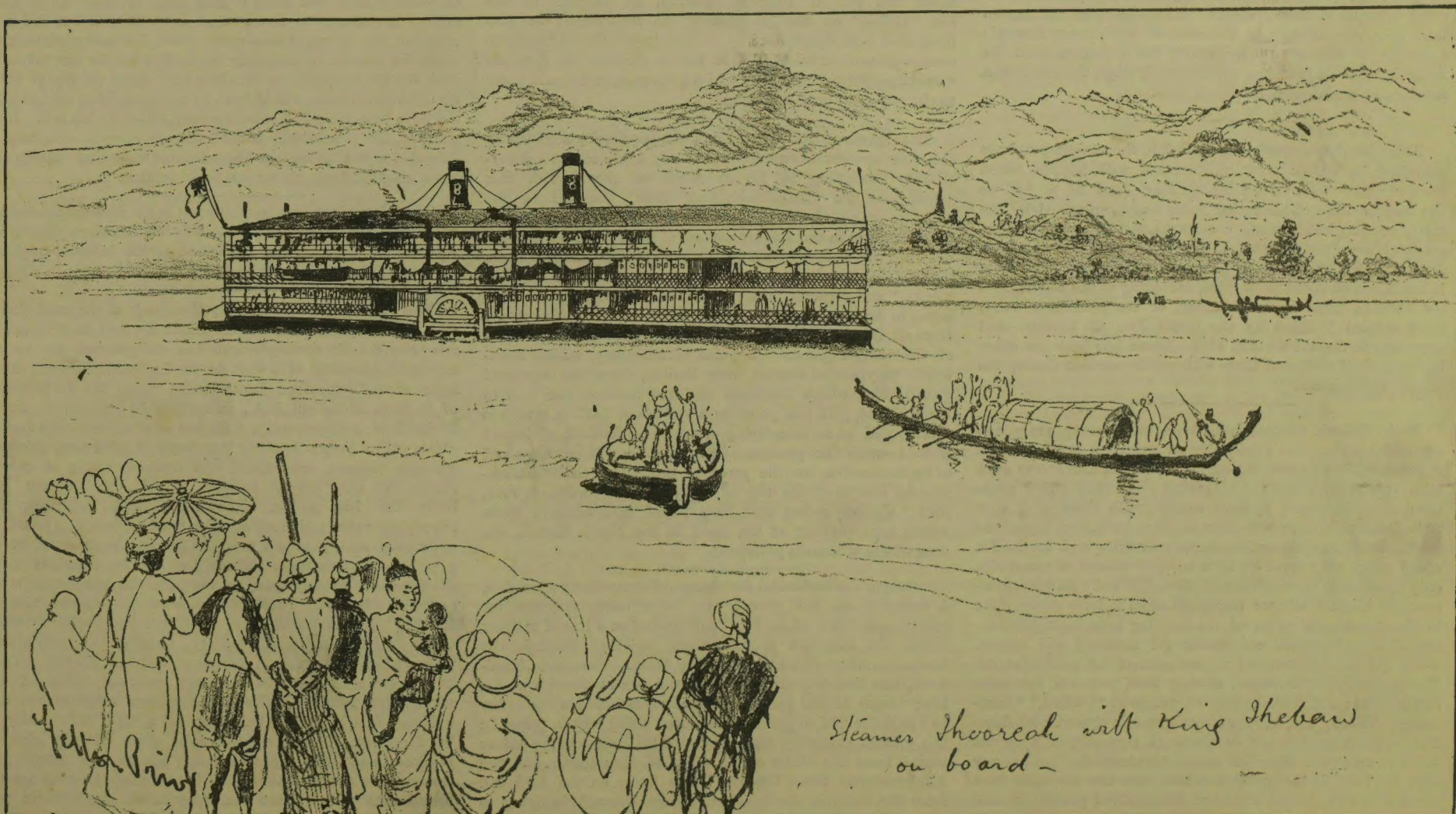
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THYETMYO, THE FRONTIER TOWN ON THE IRRAWADDY.  
FROM A SKETCH BY SURGEON T. RICKETTS MORSE.



GENERAL PRENDERGAST AND STAFF OUTSIDE THE PALACE GATE AT MANDALAY.  
FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN A. HICKSON, R.E.



THE STEAMER THOOREAH, WITH KING THEEBAW ON BOARD, PASSING DOWN THE IRRAWADDY.  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

THE EXPEDITION TO BURMAH.





A modest man feels full of diffidence upon Boxing Day. He knows perfectly well a number of people who will accept their half-crown or shilling as a matter of course; and that, if he chances to forget his duty, they will not fail to remind him of it. But there are numerous cases in which the willingness to receive a Christmas-box is less obvious. It may be an insult in one instance; it may look like a bribe in another; and, in dread of seeming mean, the timid man runs the risk of being offensive. It would be a comfort to find a sum charged among his taxes to relieve him of this unpleasant duty. But it is to be feared he would not escape it then. It was thought a great improvement years ago when a fixed charge for attendance was made in hotel bills; but the improvement has led to a worse evil, and people not blessed with strong nerves are certain to pay twice over. The act may be an immoral one, but men and women of scrupulous virtue commit it, just as they commit a similar immorality of bribing railway porters.

Men of letters, unless of a high order, are forgotten when they die, almost as quickly as stock-jobbers or tallow-chandlers. Few people, probably, remember the name of John Carne, who died forty years ago, after having written a number of volumes in prose and verse. Mr. Carne knew most of the distinguished authors of his time, and it was a time when Scott and Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge, were gathering their laurels. From some of his letters, privately printed, we gain a fresh glimpse, and a pleasant one, of the poets then living in the Lake district. Southey won golden opinions from Mr. Carne, as he always did from people who made his acquaintance. "You can hardly help loving the man," he writes, "after being a few times in his company"; and he observes that while in Wordsworth, "amiable as he is," there is a tendency to depreciate contemporary poets, there is nothing of this kind in Southey. The writer, too, was charmed with the poet's daughters; but Sara Coleridge, who lived at Greta Hall till her marriage, seems to have been too "blue" for his taste:—"Miss Coleridge is considered a beauty, a rather dark complexion, fine head of hair and eyes; but the dead languages look through them too much, and her smile is just like a Latin smile." Wordsworth is said to excel in his conversational powers, and "sometimes appears conscious of them"; while John Wilson, though a brilliant wit, was, in Mr. Carne's judgment overrated as a talker. As an athlete, the famous contributor to *Blackwood* was unrivalled, and, as a pedestrian, beat both Wordsworth and Southey. Fancy walking forty-six miles to a dinner party! De Quincey, "one of the smallest men you ever saw," was then living in the Lake Country, and had eyes "beaming with intellect and opium." Altogether, Mr. Carne must have had a happy time of it. The Lake Country, alas! has no such "lions" to exhibit nowadays.

It is very inconvenient to drop tears over the wrong man, and still more inconvenient to be at the expense of his funeral. Having once, as you suppose, buried a brother, it is too bad of him to return to life and upset all the family arrangements. A misfortune of this kind has happened to a lady in Ireland, and it is impossible not to sympathise with her in her failure to recover the expenses of the interment. No doubt, however, the brother she so kindly undertook to bury will come forward at this juncture. There is some novelty in writing a cheque to pay the cost of one's own funeral; moreover, it affords an opportunity for arranging with the undertakers to do the thing more cheaply when the gentleman is forced to trouble them a second time.

Attention has recently been called to the ancient prophecy according to which great misfortunes will happen when Easter Sunday falls on St. Mark's Day, April 25, as will be the case in 1886. The notion is, no doubt, suggested by the rarity of the phenomenon. Between A.D. 1000 and the alteration of the style in 1582, Easter fell only three times on April 25—in 1204, 1451, and 1546. Since the change of style it has fallen on April 25 in 1666, according to the new style—not then in force in this country, or the prediction would have seemed justified by the Great Fire of London—and according to the old style in 1736. There has been no other instance until 1886, and there will not be another during the present millennium.

It is difficult to realise that five-and-twenty years ago cigarette-making was practically an unknown or, at least, an unpractised art in this country. Of course, there were even then people who smoked cigarettes; but they either made them for themselves, or were content with those of foreign manufacture. In 1862 the firm of Theodoridi first began the production in anything like large quantities, and for half a dozen years they seem to have enjoyed almost a monopoly, only associating themselves with Messrs. Wood. In 1868, however, the English tobacco importers seem to have grown alive to the commercial value of the growing taste for cigarettes; and Messrs. Lambert and Butler (of London) and Messrs. Wills (of Bristol) entered as competitors for public favour. The ground had, however, already been prepared for these new-comers; and such distinctive names as "Oxford," "Cambridge," "Eton," &c., were passwords among cigarette-smokers. Did they represent a size or shape of cigarette, or a special blend of tobacco? Were the names "trade-marks" or literary titles? That is the question which the law has now been invoked to decide; and scores of thousands of pounds are said to depend upon the issue.

There is a scheme being mooted amongst some influential residents in Shropshire and round about for the purchase, and presentation by them to the Prince of Wales, of Ludlow Castle. At present, this is a picturesque and well-preserved ruin, not yet entirely beyond repair, and is the property of the Earl of Powis, from whom it would be bought, and then restored. Whether this pleasing project will ever be carried out or not cannot be foretold with accuracy; but as a kind of official residence for Princes of Wales, no more appropriate place could be found. Here it was that Prince Arthur died; it was the last stronghold of King Charles I. in Shropshire; and, as Prince of Wales, Charles lived there in 1616. For nearly two centuries it was the palace of Princes of Wales; and independently of Royalty, possesses an interesting record associated with Milton, Samuel Butler, Sir Philip Sydney, and "Squire" Jack Mytton. Renovated and restored, Ludlow Castle would be a princely gift worthy of a Prince's acceptance.

The terrible disaster which befell Miss Fitzroy, who was burnt to death through the ignition of her ball-gown by contact with a naked candle-flame, sadly recalls all the warnings that have so often, and apparently uselessly, been given in newspaper correspondence. But, while there exists a quasi-legal protection for young ladies of the stage whose business demands the wearing of gauzy textures, there is none for those who, if not in such constant danger as professionals, at least incur, from time to time, a risk which could be minimised. From the Lord Chamberlain's Office was issued, some months ago, a mandate to the effect that all light materials for stage wear should be washed in a solution of alum or some other anti-flammable chemical compound; and it is to be hoped that this regulation is strictly adhered to. Why, now, should not such a rule be extended to all such stuffs? Why should not the manufacturer or draper who provides muslins, tarlatans, tulle, and such like, be forced to guarantee that the materials had been, so far as lay in his power and knowledge, rendered flameproof? Of course, there would be great difficulty in making and asserting such a law; but rather let us have ten thousand difficulties than one such dire calamity as that which occasioned the shocking death of the lamented young Miss Fitzroy.

A humorous incident, which subsequently occupied the attention of the local law courts, is reported from Alsace. It is a custom, dating from time out of mind, that, after a wedding ceremony, the bride's garter shall be cut up and distributed amongst the male guests, who do her and her husband honour by wearing the scraps in their button-holes. One young lady possessing, as it afterwards turned out, more taste than discretion, wore garters of the French tricolour—red, white, and blue. As usual, it was divided, and loyally worn in the coats of those who assisted at the ceremony. Unfortunately, or carelessly, or perhaps over-zealously, there was one of the party to whose share a shred of the red fell, and business took him to the railway station, where he was promptly arrested by the local police on the heinous charge of wearing a French decoration in Alsace contrary to regulations. A merciful tribunal, after investigating the matter, acquitted the prisoner; but reports from the locality come that garters, with even a suspicion of the colour of the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, have gone entirely out of fashion.

Oranges have always been in great demand at Christmas; and it is therefore not untimely to observe that attention has been drawn lately to "a rapid decline in the export of oranges, the staple product of St. Michael's." If this were accompanied by a rapid decline in the number of broken limbs caused by scattered orange-peel (which keeps the pot of accidents boiling, in default of ice and "slides" on the pavement), the fact might be contemplated with equanimity by everybody but the unfortunate orange-growers of St. Michael's. Unless, perhaps, the surgeons would consider that they, too, had a grievance, and would write to the papers to have it remedied.

The "game of golf," in spite of the popularity attained by the more modern lawn-tennis, not only holds its own, but is steadily increasing in favour south of the Tweed. For generations the "Blackheath Golf Club," founded in the ominous year 1745, was the only representative of the famous Scottish game in the neighbourhood of London. Now there is not only the well-established Wimbledon Club, but at a dozen places, within almost equally easy distances, we hear of "links" and "cadies" and "bunkers" becoming common terms in daily conversation. Golf, too, is so far distinguished from all its competitors as enjoying the sole right to the title of the "Royal game." In point of antiquity, whilst lawn-tennis may claim descent, very broken, from the mythical Sphairistike, which Nausicaa and her maidens are said to have played, golf can point to a statute of 1457, in which it was alluded to as interfering—as did also football, spoken of in 1424—with the practice of archery. A still further proof of its fascination for the youth of Scotland is that the kirk-sessions records of the city of Perth declare, on Jan. 2, 1644, that "Visitors report that they found last Sabbath some young boys playing at the gowf in the North Inch in the time of the afternoon preaching."

Observe the incidental advantages of compulsory education. A woman (name not given) "was being taken to prison for non-payment of a school fine," and jumped on a line of railway "with the intention of committing suicide" through the instrumentality of an approaching train. Constable Hardwick, who had her "in charge," saved her at the risk of his life; "some of the passengers afterwards made a collection and paid the fine, to prevent the woman being sent to prison"; the gallant constable received (as he fully deserved) a silver medal from the Order of St. John of Jerusalem; and the Kidderminster Town Council had a letter on the 23rd ult. from Mr. Brinton, the member for the borough, bringing to their notice the noble conduct of the constable, and the

acknowledgment it had obtained from the Order of St. John. Yet, the woman's suicidal despair, the passengers' practical sympathy and benevolence, the constable's heroism, the Order's prompt recognition of gallantry, the Member of Parliament's considerate action, and the prominent position temporarily attained by the Town Council of Kidderminster, can all be traced to compulsory education, whereby an article which she does not demand is supplied to a poor woman who cannot pay for it, who is fined for not accepting what she does not want, who is sent to prison for her inability to raise the fine, and who seeks death to avoid imprisonment.

It was in 1797 that Pitt recommended the Union of Ireland with Great Britain. The desire for this union had long been the wish of many ardent Irishmen, and it is therefore with considerable interest that we glance back at the political events of those days, now that the question of the repeal of the Union is so much spoken of. When Lord Cornwallis, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, sent a message to the Irish Parliament in January, 1799, the following words speak of the French views on the matter of separation:—"The unremitting industry with which our enemies persevere in their avowed design of endeavouring to effect a separation of this kingdom from Great Britain must have engaged your particular attention." Curiously enough, the first speaker who rose to offer an obstacle to the motion was Sir John Parnell, the great-grandfather of the Charles Parnell of this day. In 1800 Henry Grattan, the great Irish orator, delivered his remarkable speech against the Union, and the question was hotly discussed, with angry vehemence. One speaker in favour of the motion, Mr. Ormsby, remarked that the gentlemen talked of spending their blood to prevent Union; he advised such high-blooded declaimers to keep their blood to themselves, as the Union would most certainly pass; and when Colonel Vereker rose to rebuke the Unionists, he declaimed, "Fie, fie, upon you, ye apostates; have you taken the glittering bait held out to you by the Minister, that he may play you in the stream formed by the tears of your country!" While the words of Grattan, in a second speech, were still more vehement. The Earl of Clare, then Lord Chancellor, made a fine speech in moving the Act of Union; and, finally, in March, 1800, the agreement was arrived at; and, in the following July, George III. went down to the House of Lords to give his final assent; and we have before us the record of the King's costume. His Majesty was dressed in purple coat and embroidered waistcoat, and on returning wore a scarlet surtout. The Irish Parliament ceased to exist.

A curious instance of the fact that the most literal translation is not always the best calculated to convey the precise meaning of the original, is afforded by the title given to a recent German rendering of George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life"—*Bilder aus dem kirchlichen Leben Englands*. This is literally correct; but the German public is hardly more likely to discover from the title alone that its attention is invited to a set of novelettes than the English reader was to mistake the book for a grave ecclesiastical treatise.

What is called a "remarkable discovery at Clapham" has been reported. It appears that "some very interesting ancient monuments" have been discovered exactly where they have for a long while been said to lie buried in a vault beneath St. Paul's, Clapham, a church which "occupies the site of the original parish church, where the said monuments were stated to have been placed." Is there anything very "remarkable" in this? But people differ as to what is and is not remarkable. There is the well-known story of the gallant officer who had been instructed to make a note of any "remarkable occurrence" he might observe from his post, and who, having observed a man fall from a rock close by, ascertained that almost instantaneous death must have ensued, but did not consider the circumstance came under his instructions, and made no note of it, excusing himself, when he was taken to task for the omission, by pleading that what he would have thought remarkable would have been that the poor man should not have been almost instantaneously killed by his fall. But, perhaps, the remarkable part of the discovery at Clapham is intended to be that certain persons must have been telling the truth about it from generation to generation.

There is a singular slip of the pen in Sir Robert Christison's autobiography, when he speaks of the devotion shown by *Pylades* in accompanying his friend to the infernal regions. Of course, the reference is to *Pirithous*.

Few of us know where many thousands of the most choice and delicate plants and flowers which are sold in City marts are reared. A correspondent has enlightened us by an interesting account of a visit to the Llysonen Gardens, seven miles from Carmarthen, South Wales, which are the property of Captain Mansfield, R.A., and where he pursues the art of floriculture so successfully. "He has an area of 200,000 feet of glass, with a proportionately large staff of gardeners, painters, glaziers, masons, carpenters, and firemen, many of whom reside in very pretty cottages which the Captain has built for his people. The mechanical apparatus for supplying water and heat are the most perfect that could be invented; and the coal used is the anthracite coal, which gives tremendous heat. There are no less than six miles of hot-water piping passing through the numerous stove and plant houses. Thousands of roses in pots are already in bud. A house is devoted to lilies, another to orchids; while others are individually devoted to geraniums, pelargoniums, cinerarias, and sweet-scented foliage plants. There are one hundred thousand pots of lilies of the valley, for forcing. The camellias are magnificent; and a house full of maidenhair fern is a sight not easily to be forgotten. The forcing-houses were already rich in blossom, and thus eighteen large houses were devoted to flowers. In the peach-house 10,000 pots of strawberries are forced each year. There are many hands employed in preparing and packing the flowers for the London market.



## THE MILLAIS EXHIBITION AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

After Gainsborough and Reynolds, the glories of the eighteenth century, and Watts and Alma Tadema, the leaders of the nineteenth century, Sir Coutts-Lindsay has splendidly crowned his five years' work by bringing together a collection of the works of Sir John Everett Millais. This display must carry conviction to the most insensible that we have living amongst us a painter of the widest sympathies, as well as of the highest powers, and one whose special character seems to be that, whilst ready to submit himself temporarily to any influence for good in his art, his strong individuality promptly asserts itself, and he emerges with the best elements of such influence, perhaps, working within him; although when his work is given to the world, one has to seek long and patiently for the key to the change which we seem to detect. This versatility of style, kept in subjection by external motives rather than by unity of aim and purpose, cannot fail to arrest attention in looking, as we are forced to do on the present occasion, cursorily round the rooms. The pictures are arranged with no other view than to their pictorial effect. The student of Millais' art from its first development, or of any phase of it, must seek specimens for himself, among the hundred and thirty pictures (with about half a dozen exceptions all his important works between 1848 and 1885) and thirty sketches which have been brought together. The result of this arrangement is most striking as a coup-d'œil; and for other reasons, we think Mr. Comyns Carr and Mr. Hallé are to be congratulated upon the boldness and success of their hanging. The place of honour in the West Gallery is given to "The Knight Errant," painted in 1870, which, as a purely technical work, stands high amongst the artist's productions, although it never satisfied his own feelings. It is the nude figure of a girl who has been tied to a tree, and is in the act of being released by the knight who has rescued her. On one side of this picture hangs the portrait of Lord Tennyson, and on the other that of Mr. Watts, R.A., both of them severe in colour and treatment. At one end of the same gallery is the "Idyll of 1745," exhibited only two years ago at the Royal Academy, flanked by the artist's two grandest landscapes—"Over the Hills and Far Away" and "Chill October." At the other end is the "North-West Passage," with its rich and strongly contrasted colouring, of which a reproduction in colours formed part of the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated London News*; and on either side "The Princesses in the Tower" and "The Princess Elizabeth." On the wall nearest to the entrance is "Christ in the House of His Parents," sometimes called "The Carpenter's Shop," and close by it are "The Huguenot Lover," "The Widow's Mite," and "The Enemy who Sowed Tares"—all early works, which will convey some idea of the powers of the young artist, who had, almost on his first appearance, attracted the attention of the world of art. Those who now look at these works will hardly realise the bitter controversies to which they gave rise when first exhibited; but those who can recall what the Academy Exhibitions were at that time (1850-1), and contrast them with the general level of work now exhibited, cannot fail to appreciate the enormous influence Sir John Millais has had upon English painting of the last five-and-twenty years.

In the East Gallery, the space at the end is occupied by the "Ornithologist," exhibited last year in Burlington House, under the title of "The Ruling Passion." The colours of this canvas are now brighter than they were on its first appearance, but their soft, subdued tone serves only to throw up in greater relief the ladies' portraits which hang beside it. On one wall is another sombre but more imaginative work, "Aaron and Hur holding up the Hands of Moses," and beside it portraits of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright; whilst opposite to them is the "Spate in the Highlands," flanked by the Earl of Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury.

In the furthest room, which is reached through the small gallery where the drawings and sketches are hung, are to be found some of the most important works of the Millais Pre-Raphaelite period—for instance, "Lorenzo and Isabella," one of his earliest works; "The Woodman's Daughter," "Autumn Leaves," "The Proscribed Royalist," and, above all, "Sir Ysumbras," in his gold armour, on horseback, crossing a ford, having picked up two little children whom he is carrying carefully over the stream to the opposite bank. In this room also are "The First Sermon," the little girl all eager attention; and its companion picture, "The Second Sermon," wherein, the novelty being worn away, the little damsel is peacefully sleeping in her high-backed pew.

On the staircase are hung half-a-dozen landscapes, each of which deserve special notice—but especially "The Fringe of the Moor" and "The Deserted Garden"—and we hope to speak of these as well as of the other pictures and their special features on a future occasion.

## THE WAR OF SERBIA AND BULGARIA.

In accordance with the terms of the armistice enjoined by the Great Powers, the armies respectively of Serbia and Bulgaria have withdrawn from the positions they had occupied on each other's territory; Pirot was reoccupied by the Servians on Sunday last. Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, on Saturday, entered his own capital, Sofia, with a detachment of his victorious army, and was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of popular applause. We are indebted to his Highness for permitting an Artist in his suite, M. Bernard, to send us another Sketch of the recent military campaign. The Imperial Government of Russia now seems disposed to bestow its favour once more upon the gallant soldier-Prince, who has been invited to St. Petersburg, but it is not certain that he will go at present. The foreign Powers and the Sultan of Turkey seem to have agreed that the union of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria, in some form, shall be allowed to stand.

According to official returns just issued, the rateable value of all the metropolitan parishes and unions is £30,370,522, as against £27,544,446 in 1881.

Portrait models of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria and King Milan of Serbia are now added to that popular place of entertainment, Madame Tussaud's exhibition.

An explosion on Wednesday week in the Mardy Colliery, Rhondda Valley, resulted in the loss of eighty lives. The workings are found to be in good condition, except that in some parts there have been considerable falls of roof. It is thought that the explosion was caused by the thick coal dust in the mine accidentally taking fire and causing an explosion of gas. All the bereaved families are on the Permanent Relief Fund, and will derive from it some help in their affliction; but as this will in most instances be much below the immediate need of the poor people, a fund in aid has been opened, to which subscriptions are invited. The Lord Mayor has opened a subscription at the Mansion House for the widows and orphans left unprovided for.—Thirteen persons were seriously injured by an explosion of gas which occurred in the Taylor Pit, near Wigan, on Tuesday morning.

## THE COURT.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia (brother to the Duchess of Connaught), and Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, arrived at Osborne on Thursday week. Colonel the Hon. W. Carington received their Royal Highnesses at Southampton, and attended them to Osborne on board her Majesty's yacht *Alberta* (Captain Fullerton). On Christmas Eve Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with the Duchess of Albany, distributed gifts from her Majesty to the children attending the Whippingham School. The Queen and the Royal family attended Divine service at Whippingham Church on Christmas morning. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor and the Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated, and the Dean of Windsor preached the sermon. The Queen drove out in the afternoon with Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia walked out. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor and Lieutenant Von Berg had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting had the honour of joining the Royal circle in the drawing-room after dinner. Last Saturday morning her Majesty went out with the Duke of Connaught; and in the afternoon the Queen and the Duchess of Albany drove out. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia walked, and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg drove. Her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia left Osborne on Monday morning for London. Colonel the Hon. W. Carington attended their Royal Highnesses to Portsmouth in her Majesty's yacht *Alberta*. On Tuesday the Queen held a Council, when Mr. W. Hardman and several other gentlemen were introduced to her Majesty's presence, and received the honour of knighthood.

Christmas-tide was celebrated at Sandringham in the good old-fashioned style which has prevailed since the Prince of Wales has been the owner of Sandringham. On Christmas Eve the annual distribution of beef took place at the Royal mews, when every cottager on the estate received a piece proportionate to the size of his family. The distribution was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princes Albert Victor and George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud. Their Royal Highnesses, with Princes Albert Victor and George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, attended by the ladies and gentlemen, were present at Divine service at Sandringham church on Christmas Day. The Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and Rector of Sandringham, officiated, and preached the sermon. His Excellency Count Nigra, late Italian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's; his Excellency the Spanish Minister (the Marquis de Casa Laiglesia); and Sir Julian Pauncefote, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, arrived at Sandringham last Saturday, on a visit to the Prince and Princess. On Sunday morning their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and by the guests staying in the house, were present at Divine service at Sandringham church. The ladies and gentlemen of the household were in attendance. The Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and Rector of Sandringham, officiated, and preached the sermon. Count Nigra (late Italian Ambassador), the Spanish Minister (the Marquis de Casa Laiglesia), and Sir Julian Pauncefote have left Sandringham; and the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and the Countess Karolyi have arrived at Sandringham on a visit to their Royal Highnesses.

The health of Princess Christian has very much improved of late. Her Royal Highness is still confined to her bed-room, but is able to leave the bed and rest on a couch during a portion of the day.

Lord Salisbury has been elected an Elder Brother of the Trinity House.

Major-General Thomas Elliott Hughes has been appointed an Ordinary Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India.

The honour of a baronetcy has been conferred upon Sir A. B. Walker, of Liverpool and Warrington, and of Osmaston Manor, Derbyshire. Sir Andrew presented an art gallery to Liverpool a few years ago, at a cost of over £30,000; and recently, when the Corporation built an addition, he again generously came forward and defrayed the entire cost, about £12,000.

## THE EXPEDITION TO BURMAH.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, on his arrival in India to proceed to join the expedition to Burmah, sent us a few Sketches of his voyage by way of the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, which may be amusing to our readers this week. At Port Said, having got there from Brindisi, he found excellent accommodation on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's fine new steam-ship *Paramatta*, the captain of which ship he has made the subject of a Portrait. One of the passengers was General Sir Frederick Roberts, V.C., the hero of the famous campaign of Cabul and Candahar, and now Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army. The ladies and gentlemen on board, during the passage through the Suez Canal and down the Red Sea, contrived for themselves a succession of amusements—singing, dancing, a subscription lottery (with which its manager was rather perplexed), and a social tea-party, or "kettledrum," allowed for one afternoon, by special favour, on deck; these incidents, with that of a group of passengers at the top of the accommodation-ladder, looking at the "other ships coming up behind," are represented in Mr. Prior's Sketches. The captain's courtesy and kindness to everybody gained the warm regards of all the passengers, who also signed a testimonial of approval in favour of Mr. Sullivan, the attentive steward.

Although, before our Special Artist could arrive in Burmah, the brief active hostilities conducted by General Prendergast were finished, he sends us a Sketch of the Irrawaddy steam-boat *Thoreah* conveying the captive King Theebaw and his ladies down to Rangoon. We are indebted to a military correspondent, Captain Hickson, R.E., for that of the British Commander-in-Chief, with his Staff, outside the Royal Palace at Mandalay; and we also present a view of Thyetmyo, the frontier town of British Burmah, a military station for thirty years past. The work of settling the government of Upper Burmah, under Mr. Bernard, the British Civil Commissioner, is going on as well as could have been expected. An expedition has been sent from Mandalay farther up the river, to Bhamo, an important town near the Chinese frontier. The rebels or marauders in Pegu have been defeated by Colonel Street, with Sepoys and police, on Dec. 17, when their leader took flight, losing his gold umbrellas, flags, and a large quantity of arms and ammunition.

Count Paul Vasali's "Berlin Society," a notice of which appears at page 22, was translated by Marie Léonard.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

The weather in London was dull, with slight rain in the morning, the consequence being that the parks and other open spaces were almost deserted. Notwithstanding the bad weather, the ceremony of changing the guard at St. James's Palace in the morning was witnessed by several thousands of persons, and a selection of music was played by the Grenadiers' Band.

Many of the churches in the metropolis were profusely decorated with flowers and evergreens, and a succession of services took place, the principal of which were in the morning. The singing of carols, either as the anthem of the day, or, more frequently, at a special service, was a marked feature of this year's celebration of Christmas. At St. Paul's Cathedral the Dean preached; at Westminster Abbey Dean Bradley officiated; the Rev. Henry White preached at the Savoy Chapel, and the Rev. E. Sheppard at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. In the Roman Catholic churches high mass was celebrated. Cardinal Manning preached at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington.

There were many distributions of Christmas gifts, and dinners were given in connection with various charitable institutions. The London Congregational Union distributed a large number of meals at the Gifford Hall, Caledonian-road. At the Field-lane Refuge 700, and at the Providence-row Night Refuge about 500, homeless men and women were provided with a good meal, and about 1600 poor children, or "Robins," were given a free breakfast at the John Addey's Schools, Church-street, Deptford. Speaking at an entertainment given to the boys in his homes, Dr. Barnardo said that he intended next year to take eighty or ninety lads to the Canadian North-West, with the intention of breaking up the land and starting a colony for themselves. Mr. Clement Scott, on behalf of Miss Edith Woodworth, an actress, provided a dinner for about 400 poor children of theatrical employes. It was given in the Lambeth-walk Ragged School. For the amusement of the children afterwards, Mr. Bertram performed some very clever conjuring tricks, and Mr. Toole sang a short comic song. Mr. Walsam and Mr. Loder contributed to the entertainment. In several of the London hospitals, the patients were regaled with extra Christmas fare. The wards were decorated with evergreens, and in most cases there were Christmas-trees for the children.

Through the kindness of many friends, the inmates of the Consumption Hospital at Brompton have been ministered to in various pleasant ways during this Christmas season. A performance of carols and sacred music was given by Mr. Malcolm Lawson and a party of friends on Tuesday evening; and on Christmas Eve the Bishop of London held a special Confirmation in the pretty chapel of the hospital. The morning of Christmas Day was ushered in by a party of the nurses singing carols on the different galleries. Plenty of Christmas cheer had been provided by thoughtful friends, to which the invalids did ample justice. The evening of Christmas Day was enlivened by music, carols, and games: Miss Abbott (the lady superintendent), Dr. Waugh (the medical officer), the other resident doctors, and some friends, exerting themselves most successfully for the amusement of the patients. The wards and galleries in the two buildings had been prettily decorated by the patients and nurses with wreaths and other arrangements of evergreens, intermingled with Chinese lanterns, mottoes, flowers, and ferns. On Monday evening the Misses Haddy, assisted by a few other ladies, provided a Christmas-tree distribution to all the inmates.

The day was also observed at the workhouses, special Christmas fare being provided. At St. Pancras Workhouse, 2000 dinners of roast beef and plum-pudding were consumed by the inmates; and at other workhouses similar additions were made to the ordinary bill-of-fare. In the garrisons, Christmas was kept in festive fashion. Most of the barracks were gaily decked out, and during the dinner the officers visited the men's mess-rooms. Afterwards, the soldiers received their friends, who were entertained with music and dancing.

On the afternoon of Christmas Day the inmates of Clerkenwell Prison had the gloom of their condition considerably lightened by a selection of carols, hymns, and sacred songs, rendered by a small choir of gentlemen and boys from the Temple Church and elsewhere. The chaplain has for several years arranged this entertainment, which is always much appreciated.

The fog and gloom which overspread London and some parts of the country last Saturday considerably marred the enjoyment of those who desired to spend Boxing Day in outdoor recreation; but there were good attendances at most of the places of entertainment. There were nearly 27,000 visitors to the Crystal Palace; 15,600 to the Albert Palace; over 5000 to the South Kensington Museum, nearly an equal number to the Natural History Museum; whilst the National Gallery, the Zoological Society's Gardens, and other popular places of attraction were largely patronised. In the evening the theatres, the Albert Hall, and the music-halls were crowded, the great rush being, of course, to those houses where pantomimes were produced.

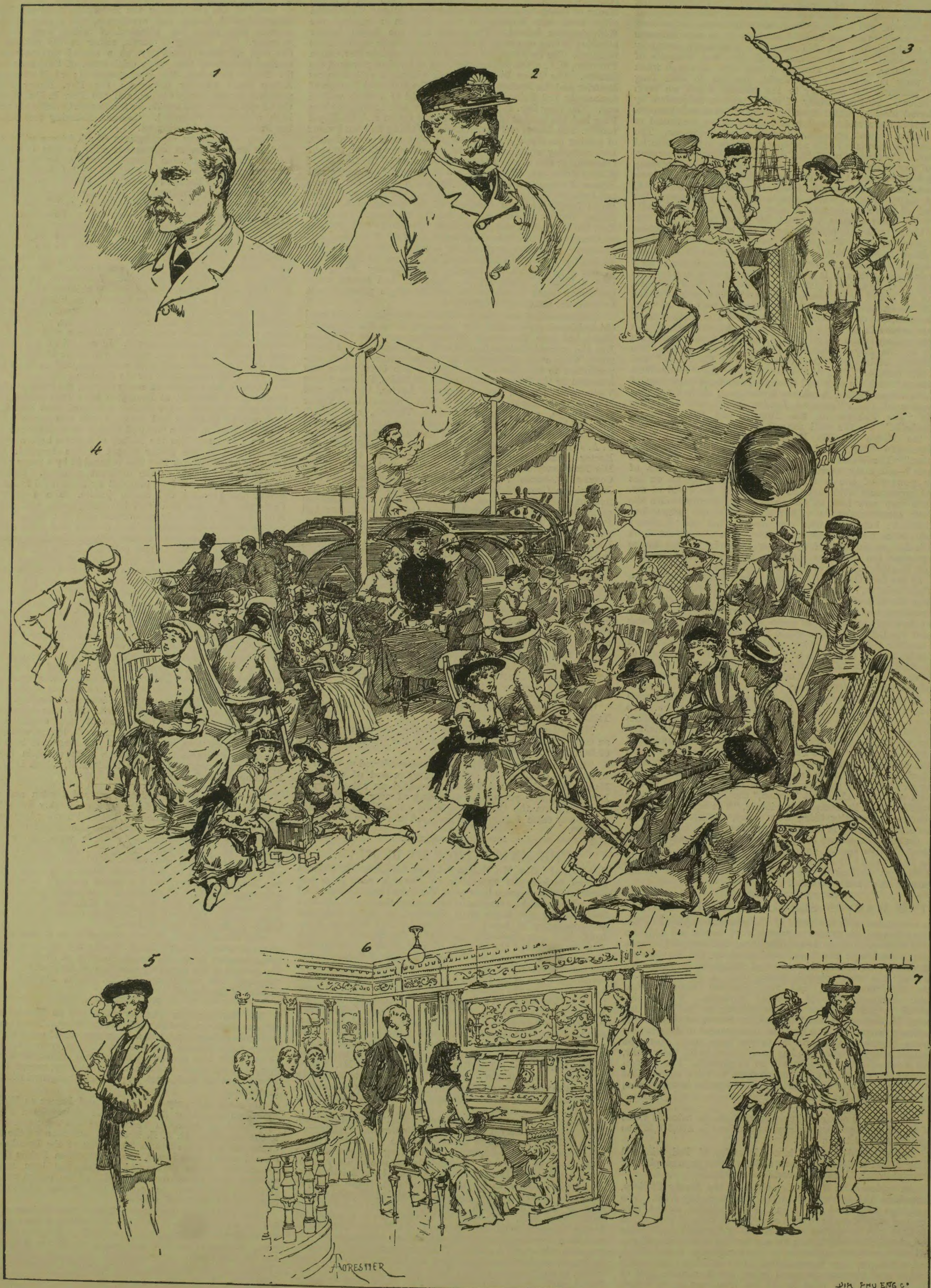
The Hon. Charles T. Russell, United States Consul in Liverpool, provided, through Mr. P. Eberle, 300 hot-pots, and the same number of loaves, for distribution on Christmas Eve to the poorest of the deserving newsboys of Liverpool. The distribution was undertaken by Mr. Clarke Aspinall, at the request of the Consul.

Mr. Gladstone on Tuesday celebrated at Hawarden the seventy-sixth anniversary of his birthday. There was no public demonstration; but a large number of congratulatory letters and telegrams were received, principally from colleagues of the right hon. gentleman in the late Administration, and from Liberal Clubs throughout the country, except Ireland. The Prince of Wales telegraphed his congratulations and best wishes.

Upwards of twenty-two acres of land, known as Highbury Fields, purchased for £60,000 by the Metropolitan Board of Works and the Islington Vestry, were last week thrown open to the public by Mr. J. E. Bradfield, chairman of the Parks, Commons, and Open Spaces Committee of the Board.—In its annual report, just issued, the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association states that great progress has been made in utilising open spaces for the benefit of the public, and Lord Brabazon has issued an appeal for further assistance in carrying out additional schemes.

Our Portrait of Captain Sir Robert More Molyneux, R.N., is from a photograph by R. Ellis, of Valletta, Malta; and that of Sir Oswald Brierly, from one by H. D. Hogben, of Ramsgate. Those of the new members of the House of Commons are by the London Stereoscopic Company; by Franz Baum (Disderi), of Brook-street; Elliott and Fry, Baker-street; R. Faulkner, Baker-street; W. and D. Downey, Ebury-street; Barrauld, Oxford-street; Vandyk, Gloucester-road, Queen's-gate; A. Bouchier and Burt Sharp, Brighton; W. Vick, Ipswich; Whitham, Rochdale; Wright and Son, Lynn; Adam Sauvy, Cork and Dublin; and Robinson Thompson, of Liverpool.





1. A distinguished passenger: General Sir F. Roberts.  
2. Our Captain, P. and O. Co.'s Steamer Paramatta.

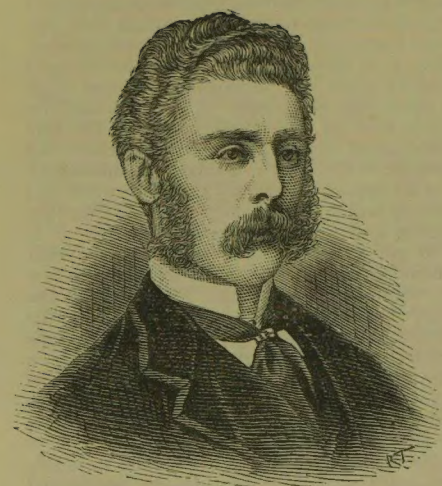
3. Passengers on the look-out, in the Suez Canal.  
4. Afternoon tea-party in the Red Sea.

5. A perplexed lottery manager.  
6. In the music-room.

7. Summer and Winter.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST EN ROUTE TO BURMAH.





MR. R. CHAMBERLAIN—WEST ISLINGTON.

Brother of Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.; born in London, 1840; was educated at the University College School, London; resides at Birmingham, and was Mayor of Birmingham, 1879.



MR. JOSEPH ARCH—NORTH-WEST NORFOLK.

Born 1826, in Warwickshire, son of an agricultural labourer; was a Primitive Methodist local preacher; in 1872 founded the National Agricultural Labourers' Union.



MR. LIONEL COHEN—NORTH PADDINGTON.

Second son of late Mr. Louis Cohen; born 1832, London; stockbroker and foreign banker trustee; and manager of Stock Exchange, Vice-President of Federated Synagogues.



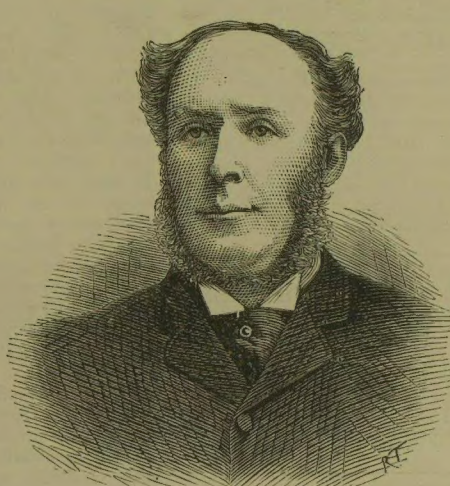
SIR R. TEMPLE, BART.—S. WORCESTERSHIRE.

Born 1826, son of Mr. R. Temple, The Nash, Worcester-shire; was Finance Minister of India, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and Governor of Bombay; author of books on India.



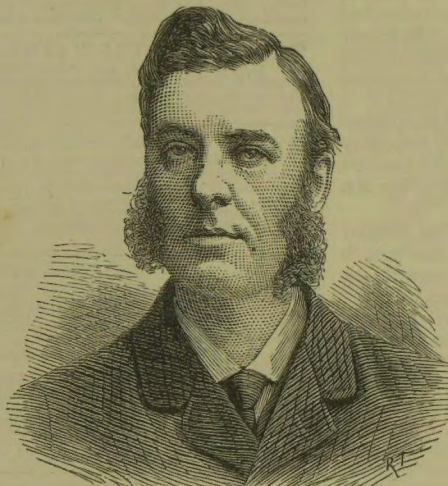
CAPTAIN E. FIELD—SOUTH SUSSEX.

A naval officer; was engaged in active service on the River Plate, and was Gunner Instructor on board H.M.S. Excellent, at Portsmouth; retired as Post-Captain 1869; resides at Gosport.



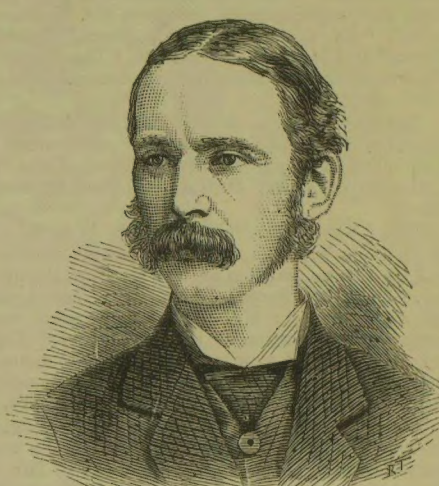
MR. W. BECKETT-DENISON—BASSETLAW, NOTTS.

Second son of late Sir Edmund Beckett-Denison, Bart.; born 1826; educated at Rugby, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; one of banking firm Beckett and Co., in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire.



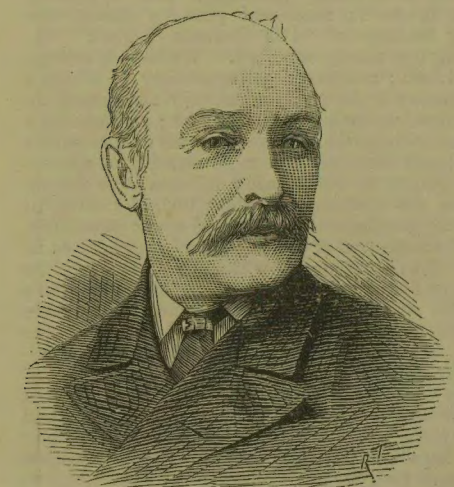
MR. G. C. T. BARTLEY—NORTH ISLINGTON.

Born at Hackney, 1842; educated at University College; was twenty years in the Science and Art Department, Kensington; married a daughter of Sir Henry Cole; founded National Penny Bank.



MR. F. A. CHANNING—E. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Son of late Rev. W. H. Channing, Unitarian minister, formerly of Boston, America; educated at Liverpool, and at University College, Oxford, where he gained honours; Fellow of that College.



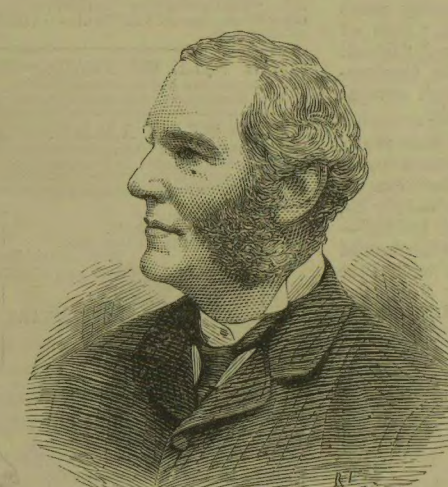
MR. W. R. CREMER—HAGGERSTON.

Born 1838, son of Mr. G. M. Cremer, herald-painter, of Fareham; was a carpenter and joiner; was Secretary of International Working Men's Association; editor of the "Arbitrator," organ of Working Men's Peace Association.



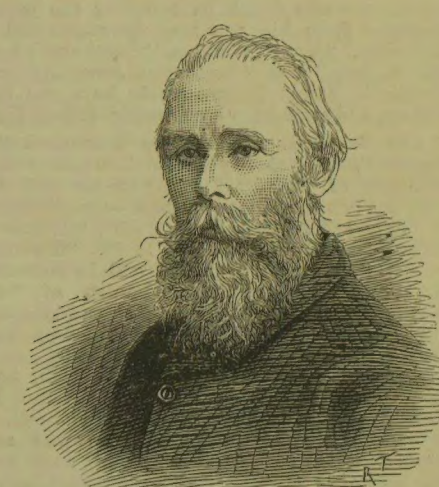
MR. J. E. ELLIS—RUSHCLIFFE, LEICESTERSHIRE.

Eldest son of late Mr. E. S. Ellis, Leicester, Chairman of Midland Railway; born 1841, educated at the Friends' School, Kendal; coal-owner in Nottinghamshire; Chairman of Nottingham Joint-Stock Bank.



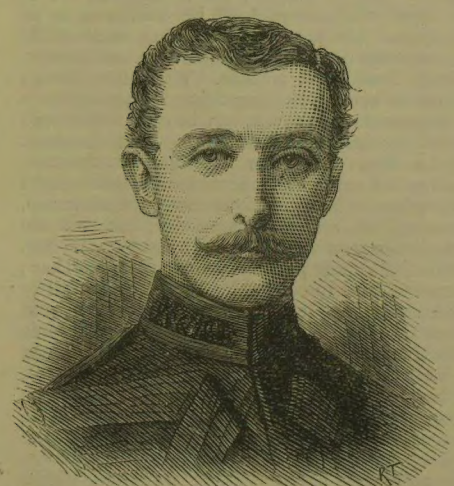
MR. J. G. GIBSON, Q.C.—WALTON, LIVERPOOL.

Son of Mr. W. Gibson, of Tipperary, a Taxing-Master in Chancery; born 1846; educated at Trinity College, Dublin; won two gold medals for history and political science; an Irish barrister and Queen's Serjeant.



MR. R. L. EVERETT—SOUTH-EAST SUFFOLK.

A yeoman farmer, of Rushmere, Ipswich, succeeding his father in that occupation; born 1833; educated at private school at Ipswich; married daughter of Mr. Nussey, cloth manufacturer, Leeds.



MR. F. B. MILD MAY—SOUTH-WEST DEVON.

Mr. Francis Bingham Mildmay, son of Mr. H. B. Mildmay, of Flete, Modbury, partner in Baring Brothers; born 1861, educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge.



MR. T. WATSON—SOUTH-EAST DERBYSHIRE.

Born in Lancashire, 1823, employed at Rochdale in silk-spinning; started in business there; is Chairman of Rochdale School Board, a magistrate, and has founded and endowed the Infirmary.



MR. C. T. MURDOCH—READING.

Born 1837; educated at Eton; was in the Rifle Brigade, served in the Crimea; left the Army, joined firm of Ransom, Bouverie, and Co., bankers; Captain of Volunteers in Lord Ranelagh's regiment.



MR. T. G. ASHTON—HYDE, CHESHIRE.

Mr. Thomas Gair Ashton, son of Mr. T. Ashton, of Hyde and Manchester, was born 1855, and was educated at Rugby, and at University College, Oxford; magistrate for Lancashire.



"THE HARBOUR LIGHTS" AT THE ADELPHI.

If experience teaches in most of the affairs of life, why not on the stage? Surely, in the making of stage plays both Mr. Sims and Mr. Pettitt have had considerable experience, and the applause that, at the outset greeted their new play is the most convincing proof that out of human material they have made a very capital and interesting drama. Freshness, kindness, geniality, and sympathy with all that is brave in man and pure in woman are the distinguishing features of "The Harbour Lights." Its comedy and tragedy are nicely balanced. We have a murder in an old baronial hall; a scene of grave anxiety, in which a good fellow's character is in peril, admirably illustrated on board a man-of-war about to sail for the East; a rescue by a gallant officer, who climbs down a precipitous cliff to save a drowning woman; and that best and most stirring of all sea-coast features, the return of the rescuing life-boat to a fishing village. These are the striking episodes; but, of course, in addition to them, we get domestic scenes and comic squabbles, sketches of Irish character and of sea-dogs, nicely interwoven in the story, and hit off in a manner in which Mr. G. R. Sims has no rival. At least, as far as one can judge by studying a man's work, it is to Mr. Sims that we are indebted for these bright flashes that relieve the serious and sombre tone of drama. It is a bold thing—almost a dangerous one—ever to speculate on what share belongs to one of two authors when they collaborate. It is even whispered that many dramatists are terribly sensitive on this point, and regard critics as their natural enemies who dare, under any circumstances, to separate the ligature between the Siamese twins of the stage. But, for all that, it is as ridiculous to deny Mr. Sims credit for what he has done and can do so well in the drama of to-day as it would be to refuse to recognise the great value of Mr. Pettitt's excellent work. A drama of the sea is useless unless we can get someone who looks like a sailor, and understands his life. Such an actor has been found in Mr. William Terriss, who, on his first appearance at the Adelphi, has made a very marked success. It is a brilliant contrast to the dawdling, mumbling school of actors, who ruin so many good plays. He is bright, he is electric, he is sympathetic. An actor who cannot hold his audience is of little value to the stage. He may go on talking words until doomsday, but the audience pays no attention to what he says, and the drama drops from that minute. When Mr. Terriss comes upon the scene, he brightens everything. The audience arouses from its momentary lethargy, his brother actors and actresses are stirred to impulse. He feels what he does, and believes what he says. He is, for the moment, the man he is pretending to be. An actor who knows his business ought to feel instinctively when he has got his audience in his grasp. Without he has done so, his efforts to amuse or interest are useless. His words are beaten back as from a dead wall. Mr. Terriss may, no doubt, play one part far better than another; but I have never known him to scamp his work, or to fail to give any part in which he has appeared nerve, muscle, and fibre. Artists are so afraid of exaggerating that they become pulseless and ineffective. But there is a vast difference between exaggeration and buoyancy. Actors and actresses cannot speak on the stage as they do in drawing-rooms. They can be natural, without being commonplace and conventional. The new play has two very interesting heroines, and they are charmingly played by Miss Millward and Miss Mary Rorke, two as promising actresses as the stage possesses. Miss Millward has a charming, refined, and gentle manner. She is sensitive and sympathetic, and has made astonishing progress in her art. Miss Mary Rorke bids fair to become one of our best pathetic heroines. For a moment, there is always a cry, "Where are our actresses of the future to come from?" That cry was for some time a very anxious one, but it looks as if it were likely to be answered. Mr. Garden, an excellent comedian, Mrs. Leigh, a great favourite at the Adelphi, and Mrs. Carter, inimitable in Irish character, are all seen at their best; and both Mr. Percy Lyndal and Mr. Beveridge are to be commended as the villains. The drama is excellently



mounted, quite in good taste, and never overdone in any particular. Messrs. Gatti, who always deserve to succeed, have another certain success to carry them on throughout the year. "The Harbour Lights" will probably be more popular than "In the Ranks." In many respects it is a better play.

#### "ALADDIN" AT DRURY-LANE.

Costliness, magnificence, and daring in spectacular arrangement are the distinguishing features of the Drury-Lane stage "annual." Mr. Augustus Harris and his clever brother, Charles, have never worked so hard before, and, from the point of view of pure pomp, have never done so well. The greatest feats of the celebrated Châtelet in Paris pale before the splendour of the latest version of "Aladdin." The properties are more elaborate than have ever been seen on the holiday stage before; the dresses, in their richness of colour and design, would astonish an Eastern potentate; procession follows procession, each more dazzling than the last; the eye is almost fatigued with the contemplation of all the splendour; and it is needless to state that some fun must be sacrificed and the story in a measure overwhelmed when the huge Drury-Lane stage is turned into a battle-field for the exercise of the huge army of supernumeraries, ballet-girls, and children. Mr. Augustus Harris has had considerable experience, and presumably knows his own business best. It is a money worshipping age. Mammon is more respected than Momus. People would rather go to Old Drury to see what Aladdin cost than to laugh over the adventures of this favourite youth and the despair of Widow Twankay. A procession of types of female beauty, from Eve to the Duchess of Devonshire, is more appreciated by the children of to-day than the bigheads of Dykwyndyn and the property giants that delighted some of us in our childhood. A luxurious and extravagant time must have its counterpart in the Christmas pantomime. So splendour succeeds satire, and pomp takes the place of pun; and the gambols of clown, harlequin, pantaloons, and columbine are lost in the sea of stage-management. It is confidently whispered that the fun will come in as an afterthought; that when the drilling has been done there will be admitted the humour. It was a feat of no ordinary magnitude to get such a "show" ready for the public gaze on Boxing Night; there was no time to attend to the delivery of Mr. E. L. Blanchard's capital lines; to the elocution of the pretty young ladies entrusted with the text; to the jokes of low comedians, or to the point in the satire that accompanies these Christmas reviews. All that will come after. Directly these hosts and cohorts, the instant this Xerxes army, this panoply of pleasure, answers correctly to the bell of Mr. Charles Harris—when the slaves are trained to obey their taskmasters, easy as they may be—then will come the eccentricity and the merriment. Then will the flood-gates of the fun of Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Campbell be opened, and then will the pantomime be in full swing. At present, apart from its pronounced magnificence, the Drury-Lane pantomime has, however, several distinguishing features. The children, deprived of their pantomime masks, and with the harlequinade cut cruelly short, have been presented with a wonderful blue China dog, the pet of the Emperor of China, a dog who breaks his tail, and is the feature of the first really amusing scene. The blue dog will be a great favourite with the youngsters. Then, again, for their special edification, has been arranged one of those scenes acted entirely by children, that are never so effective as when they are presented on the Drury-Lane stage. An army of working-men children advance to build Aladdin's Palace. They erect hoardings and scaffolding; they mix mortar and lay bricks; they use hod, spade, and trowel, and go through the various duties of their respective trades. Then the dinner-bell rings. The wives come on with baskets, babies, and perambulators. The married folks scold, quarrel, sulk, and make it up again; and the whole thing is one of the very prettiest and cleverest features in the pantomime. The success of this and other children's scenes is due to Miss Katti Lanner, a celebrated teacher of little children for the stage. It is as pretty a pantomime as anyone would wish to see. Those who are older will appreciate the magnificent processions, particularly the "Dream of Fair Women," designed by Mr. Alfred Thompson; will admire the graceful refined style of Miss Grace Huntley, the pantomime fun of Mr. Victor Stevens and his troupe; and will wait anxiously for the time when their old friends, Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell, get together and invent some comic business. There is one scene in which Mr. Nicholls is engaged that could not be improved upon. It is the comic imitation of the dancing of Miss Kate Vaughan in the Eastern scene in the ballet of "Excelsior." Every movement and attitude, every wave of the handkerchief and action of the hand, is imitated with fun and without offence. A few little points like these would relieve the pantomime of the pressure of its load of wealth. There are plenty of good tunes in it, but they are not made the most of in the musical arrangement. However, the spectacle will draw all London. Everyone is in duty bound to see it; so what does it matter if it be funny or gorgeous? Mr. Augustus Harris has driven all rivals out of the field. He is "Monarch of all he surveys, His right there is none to dispute."

C. S.

#### OTHER HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS.

Christmas holiday audiences have thronged the various places of amusement. Multifarious are the attractions; but passing notice can only be given of a few. The arch magician of Drury-Lane has waved his wand at the Crystal Palace, and, with Mr. F. C. Burnand's good aid, conjured up a remarkably charming and bright new version of "Cinderella." Particularly pretty and captivating representatives of the Prince and Cinderella are Miss Minnie Mario and Miss Dot Mario, science giving to the latter a fresh charm in the beautiful ball-room scene in the shape of M. Trouvé's dazzling electric-light nosegay. The fun of this singularly tasteful pantomime is provided by Mr. John and Miss Emma D'Auban, MM. Fred. Thorne and Stuart Turner are the exceedingly droll sisters, Mr. Fred. Storey, Mr. Lyons, Miss Lilian Francis, and the popular Paul Martinetti Troupe, who maintain the fun of the Harlequinade well.

Equestrianism flourishes in London. If the Covent-Garden Circus does not boast quite so varied a bill-off-fare as the admirable one which was presented last year, an excellent company of skilful performers, equestrian and acrobatic, yet affords much pleasure to youthful holiday-makers—the clever and daring horsemanship of Mr. Batty being the most noticeable feature. Acknowledged chief of the hippodramatic profession, Mr. Charles Hengler not only offers at his new and elegant Cirque, in Argyl-street, near Oxford-circus, a series of Scenes in the Circle unequalled for finish and fun—skilful equestrians literally witching "the world with noble horsemanship," and Little Sandy eliciting roars of laughter by his excellent clowning; but the guiding spirit at Hengler's also treats his juvenile visitors to a most attractive version of "Cinderella" in miniature, the delight of all the little ones. "On the other side of the water," Mr. George Sanger achieves twice a day the herculean task of engrossing

an audience which fills Sanger's Amphitheatre in the Westminster Bridge-road with the equestrian wonders of the "Great Russian Circus Company" in the ring, and with a colossal pantomime on the stage into the bargain. Mr. Sanger has prevailed upon Mr. Robert Reece to edit "Aladdin" and "The Forty Thieves" anew; and the favourite "Arabian Nights" fables are skilfully interwoven and embellished with accessories few but Mr. Sanger could command, the crowning scene of magnificence, being, as usual, enriched by a striking procession of elephants and other animals from Sanger's menagerie. There is, indeed, an embarrassment of riches at Sanger's Amphitheatre; and Mr. Sanger would do well to curtail the dimensions of his monster entertainment.

Recrossing the river, and passing huge crowds outside the Adelphi and Lyceum waiting to see "The Harbour Lights" and "Faust" (these being two of the great hits of the season), we come to the Gaiety. There what Mr. John Hollingshead is pleased to term "the sacred lamp of burlesque" has been trimmed and garnished for the reappearance of that prime Gaiety favourite, Miss Farren. This bright and sparkling Queen of Burlesque now delights her numerous admirers in "Little Jack Sheppard." With all the winning vivacity of old does Miss Farren sustain the part of the hero in the new "burlesque operatic drama" of "Little Jack Sheppard," written by Mr. H. P. Stephens and Mr. William Yardley. No one is better qualified than this most mercurial of Jacks to deliver the puns that abound between the gay songs which she sings with accustomed point. Mr. David James's return to burlesque in the character of Blueskin is very welcome. The Gaiety company is further strengthened by the addition of Mr. Fred. Leslie (Jonathan Wild), and by that wonderfully droll comedian, Mr. Odell. Miss Marion Hood is another welcome new-comer; and Mr. F. Wood is yet another. With such capable artists as these, and Miss Emily Duncan, Miss Sylvia Grey, Miss Eunice, and Miss Bessie Sanson to aid Miss Farren, the new burlesque goes very merrily, and is one of the brightest of light entertainments in town.

King Pantomime, maintaining his head-quarters at Drury-Lane, has the usual brilliant branch establishments at the East-End and on the Surrey side. For example, the standard English story of "Dick Whittington" is set forth with marvellous grandeur by Viceroy John Douglass at the handsome Standard Theatre. Enjoying deservedly a well-earned reputation as a great pantomimist himself, Mr. George Conquest sustains the prestige of the Surrey with a comic and resplendent version of "Robinson Crusoe." Similarly renowned in Hoxton, Mrs. Sara Lane entertains Britannia audiences with a wonderful olla podrida, entitled "Daddy Longlegs." At the Elephant and Castle, which Mr. J. Arnold Cave has lifted into fame as a good pantomime house, making a specialty of drilling a regiment of children to remarkable perfection in singing and acting, "Sindbad" is the theme capably treated. The Grand, at Islington flourishes with a new and witty edition of "Blue Beard," written by Geoffrey Thorne.

The Moore and Burgess Minstrels, pre-eminent as Ethiopian serenaders, delight large holiday audiences with new songs, comic and sentimental, and new humorous farces at St. James's Hall. Maskelyne and Cooke still reign in their Palace of Magic in the Egyptian Hall, these adroit conjurers being now helped by Mr. Charles Bertram as *facile princeps* of cards, and by Mr. Verne as a neat ventriloquist. The Indian Village in Langham-place and the Japanese Village at Knightsbridge continue to be great sources of instruction and interest; and the native Indian performers at the Battersea Albert Palace likewise afford much entertainment.

#### THE CHURCH.

A marked improvement has been effected in the internal appearance of Ainstable church, near Carlisle, by the filling in of the three-light west window with Munich stained glass.

A silver salver, with a cheque for £178 15s. 9d., was presented on Monday to the Rev. Charles M'Anally by the congregation of St. Jude's, South Kensington, on the occasion of his resigning the Curacy to take charge of the new district of St. James's, West Hampstead.

A special service for children was held on Tuesday afternoon at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, consisting of carols, prayers, and a short address by the Dean of Windsor. A large congregation was present, and the carol-singing of the children was very effective.

The Dean of Westminster preached in the Abbey on Monday to a crowded congregation, chiefly of children, the occasion being Innocents' day. He pointed out that, although there had grown up a large number of institutions for helping poor children, great misery and suffering still existed, and he appealed for funds to enable the Destitute Children's Dinner Society to extend its work.

The Bishopric of Manchester has been offered to the Bishop of Truro (the Rev. Dr. Wilkinson), and the Deaneries of Chester and Worcester have been offered to Canon Fleming and Canon Liddon. The Honorary Canonry in Canterbury Cathedral, vacant by the death of the Rev. Canon Carter, Vicar of Linton, near Maidstone, has been conferred on the Rev. Dr. Maclear, Warden of St. Augustine's College.

The following have consented to preach at the special afternoon services which have been inaugurated by the London Diocesan Council at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields every Sunday at 3.30 p.m.:—Jan. 3, the Bishop of London; 10, Archdeacon Farrar; 17, the Rev. Gordon Calthrop; 24, the Rev. Canon Mason; 31, the Rev. W. H. Webb Peeploe. Feb. 7, the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore; 14, the Rev. Edward A. Stuart; 21, the Rev. Canon Fleming; 28, the Rev. John H. Ellison.

In Westminster Abbey the preachers on Sunday mornings for January are—Sunday, 3, at ten, the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck; 10, the Rev. F. K. Harford; 17, the Rev. J. G. Rutherford, Head Master of Westminster School; 24, the Rev. Dr. Watson, Rector of Berkeswell; 31, the Rev. J. Storrs, Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton-square. Dr. Westcott (as Canon in Residence) will preach on the Sunday afternoons in January, at three, on "Aspects of the Incarnation," and on the festivals of "Circumcision," "Epiphany," and "Conversion of St. Paul," on "Dedication," "Offerings," and "Service." Christmas carols were sung in the Abbey at the three p.m. service on Wednesday, Dec. 30.

Mr. Councillor Stanton, the Mayor of Warwick, has been presented with a gold mayoral chain and badge, subscribed for by the inhabitants of the town. The value of the chain is about £250.

The Archer, the first of the six war-vessels of the Scout class which are being built for the Government, was launched from the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. Thomson, Clyde Bank, last week.

The fortieth annual dinner of the subscribers to the Commercial Travellers' Schools for Orphan and Necessitous Children took place at the Freemasons' Tavern last week, when subscriptions to the amount of over £1000 were announced.

#### OBITUARY.

##### THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

The Most Rev. Marcus Gervais Beresford, D.D., P.C., Archbishop of Armagh and Bishop of Clogher, Lord Primate and Metropolitan of all Ireland, Prelate of the Order of St. Patrick, and Lord Almoner to the Queen, died at the Palace, Armagh, on the 26th ult. His Grace was born Feb. 14, 1801, the second son of George De la Poer Beresford, D.D., Bishop of Kilmore, by Frances, his wife, daughter of Mr. Gervais Parker Bushe, of Kilfane, M.P., and niece of Henry Grattan; and was grandson of the Right Hon. John Beresford, whose father, Sir Marcus Beresford, married Catharine, Baroness De la Poer, and was created Baron Beresford and Earl of Tyrone. The Archbishop was educated at Richmond School, Yorkshire, and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was formerly Rector of Kildallen, Vicar of Drung and of Larah, Vicar-General of Kilmore, and Archdeacon of Ardagh. He was made D.D. in 1840, consecrated Bishop of Kilmore, Elphin, and Ardagh in 1854, and translated to the Archbishopric of Armagh in 1862. His Grace married, first, Oct. 25, 1824, Mary, daughter of Colonel L'Estrange, of Moystown, King's County; and secondly, June 6, 1850, Elizabeth, widow of Mr. R. G. Bomford, of Rahenstown, and only daughter of Mr. J. T. Kennedy, of Annadale. By the former, who died in 1845, he leaves issue; the eldest son, George De la Poer Beresford, was late M.P. for Armagh. The Marquis of Waterford is cousin of the deceased Archbishop.

##### LORD BORTHWICK.

Lord Borthwick died at Ravenstone Castle, Whithorn, Wigtonshire, on the 24th ult. He was the eleventh Baron Borthwick, of Borthwick, Midlothian, in the Peerage of Scotland, and a Representative Peer for Scotland, being the second son of Patrick Borthwick, *de jure* seventeenth Lord Borthwick, by his wife, Ariana, daughter of Mr. Cunningham Corbett, and he established his claim to the barony (which had been dormant since the death of Henry, tenth Lord, in 1772) in 1870. He was born June 6, 1813, and married July, 1865, Harriett Alice, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Hermitage Day, of Frindsbury, Kent, by whom, who survives him, he leaves issue, the Hon. Archibald Patrick Thomas (Master of Borthwick), born Sept. 3, 1867, and four daughters. He was a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Wigton. Lord Borthwick was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh, and was elected a Representative Peer of Scotland in April, 1880. He is succeeded by his only son, the Master of Borthwick, above mentioned.

##### SIR FREDERICK EVANS.

Captain Sir Frederick John Owen Evans, R.N., K.C.B., F.R.S., late Hydrographer of the Admiralty, died on the 20th ult., in his seventy-first year. He entered the Navy in 1828 as a Volunteer, served through the grades of a navigating officer, attaining the rank of Staff Captain in 1867. From 1828 to 1855 he was employed on foreign service, chiefly in Admiralty surveys, and during the Crimean War was actively engaged in conducting ships of the Allied Forces among the Aland Islands at the capture of Bomarsund. In 1855 he was attached to the Hydrographic department of the Admiralty, and was eventually, after passing through the various grades, appointed, in 1874, Hydrographer. The Commandership of the Bath was conferred on him in 1881. Sir Frederick, who acquired high reputation as a scientific surveying officer, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1862, on the Council of which learned body he served for several years. He was son of Mr. John Evans, Master, Royal Navy, and was married to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Captain Charles Hall, R.N.

##### SIR GEORGE HARRISON, M.P.

Sir George Harrison, LL.D., the recently-elected M.P. for Edinburgh, died on the 23rd ult., aged seventy-four. He was much respected and widely esteemed. Originally an apprentice in a well-known firm of clothiers in Edinburgh, he entered as a partner at the age of twenty-seven, and by his ability, perseverance, and judgment gained so leading a position that in 1874 he was elected Lord Provost; and on the occasion of the tercentenary of the University, in 1884, he received knighthood. Sir George's death is the first among the members just returned to the new Parliament.

##### DR. BIRCH.

Dr. Samuel Birch, keeper of the Egyptian and Oriental Antiquities in the British Museum, died on the 27th ult., at his residence in Caversham-road, N.W. Dr. Birch, who had just completed his seventy-second year, was the eldest son of the late Rev. Samuel Birch, D.D., Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, in the City of London, and Vicar of Little Marlow, Buckinghamshire. In 1834 Dr. Birch entered the service of the Crown, under the Commissioners of Public Records, where he was the contemporary of the late Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy. In January, 1836, he received an appointment under the trustees of the British Museum, in whose service he has spent fifty years. Dr. Birch was the author of many learned works upon Chinese, Oriental, and Egyptian subjects; but it is in the special domain of Egyptology that his reputation is mainly established. He also contributed frequently to the periodical and scientific literature of the day, including the transactions of learned societies. He was a member of the chief Continental Academies, and had received honorary degrees from Oxford, Cambridge, and St. Andrew's Universities.

##### DR. ABRAHAM.

George Whitley Abraham, LL.D., died on Christmas Day, at his residence near Dublin. This brilliant scholar and able journalist graduated at Trinity College, Dublin; and in 1854 was called to the Bar. He became, subsequently, a member of the Endowed Schools Commission, and was a Census Commissioner in 1861, 1871, and 1881. The admirable reports of that Commission were from the pen of Dr. Abraham. In 1874, he was appointed Registrar of Lunacy, and, in the discharge of the important duties of his office, proved himself a most efficient official. His death is mourned by a large circle of friends.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Ven. Lonsdale Pritt, Archdeacon of Waikato, New Zealand, on Oct. 31.

The Hon. Catherine Wynn, third daughter of Spencer Bulkeley, present Lord Newbrough, on the 10th ult.

Major Dugald J. P. Campbell, the City Marshal, on the 23rd ult., aged fifty-seven. He served in Burmah in 1854, and through the Mutiny campaign.

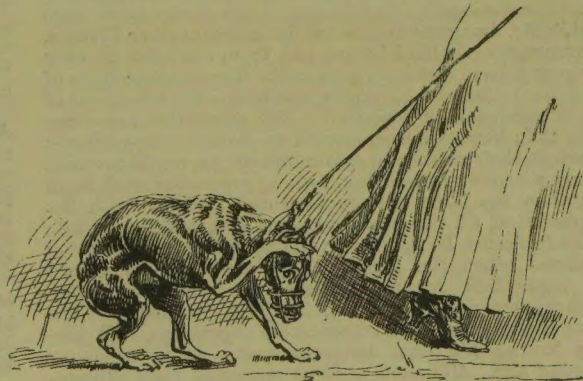




I am an inoffensive black & tan terrier.



Yet the other day my mistress took me to a shop & had a wire apparatus fastened on my head,



of such a character that I became most restive & had to be dragged home in a leash.



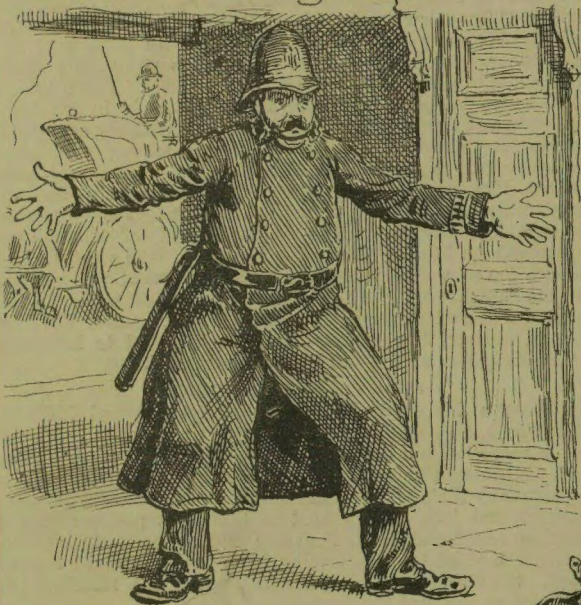
I determined to escape from such tyranny, & effected my purpose next morning when the housemaid was cleaning the steps.



On pausing I became aware of a man of the kind that often visited our kitchen during the absence of my master & mistress.



He attempted to seize me & I avoided him,



but unfortunately I ran into a blind alley,



& was there captured by him!



He fastened a string to my collar & led me away.



Coming round a corner we encountered another man of the same kind struggling with a larger specimen of my species.



I was attached to my fellow sufferer & we were together taken



to a large plainly furnished house and I was confined in a yard at the back of it, where I suffered acutely until

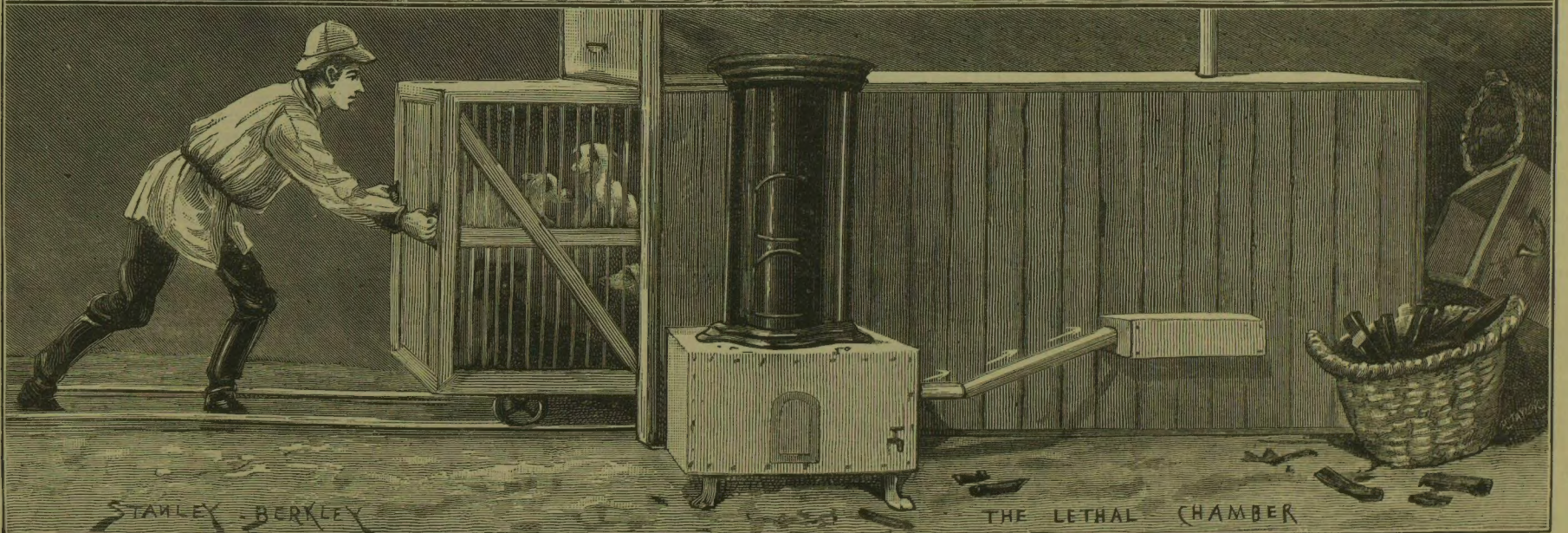


the next day when my mistress claimed me & took me home!

S.T. Dodd.

DIR. PHO. ENG. G1





SKETCHES AT THE DOGS' HOME, BATTERSEA.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Dec. 29.

Is it a reality? Is it a subjective impression? Whichever be the case, the year 1885 seems to be ending sadly, without éclat, without occasion for rejoicing. The novels and poems and essays of the end of the year have spoken of nothing but the sadness and uselessness of life; the crowds that one sees strolling listlessly along the boulevards, lined with the books of the New Year's fair, look gloomy and joyless; the Parliament offers none but spectacles of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. To judge from the Tonquin debate last week, and from the National Assembly at Versailles yesterday, the motto of the French Republic, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," are vain words.

The Tonquin and Madagascar credits were voted, as was expected, according to the demands and estimates of the Ministry, by 274 votes against 270. The Senate voted the same credits by 225 votes against 61. The meaning of these votes is, like the meaning of the elections of Oct. 4, that France disapproves the famous colonial policy of M. Ferry, and wishes the expenses of her colonial empire to be reduced to what is strictly necessary. The French colonies of La Guyane, Senegal, and the Bourbon cost more than they are worth, and yet no one would think of abandoning them. So it is with Tonquin. The smallness of the majority by which the credits were voted has led M. Brisson to refuse to remain at the head of the Government, and so we are once more in the midst of a ministerial crisis, which is likely to last for several days. It is to be remarked that, in the Tonquin debate, M. Brisson failed to indicate any plan of foreign policy.

The Congress for the election of the President of the Republic, held at Versailles yesterday, was, unfortunately, the occasion of a series of scandalous scenes, owing to the outrageous conduct of the members of the Right. Before the President, M. Le Royer, had opened the sitting, the tumult began. "It is an assembly of usurpers!" "The national sovereignty is being strangled!" "Your Congress is illegal!" "Our deputies have been invalidated!" &c., all from the Right of the House. These persistent interruptions irritated the Left, so that for nearly an hour the National Assembly was a scene of uproar, vociferation, and gesticulation. The Reactionaries wished to read a solemn protestation against the convocation of a Congress where four departments of France and 350,000 electors were unrepresented owing to the invalidation of their deputies. The President refused to allow this reading, on the ground that the National Assembly was purely an electoral college, and all discussion or manifestations were therefore out of order. For the same reason, M. Michelin, of the Extreme Left, was not allowed to propose a resolution for convoking a Constituent Assembly for the purpose of revising the Constitution. The members of the Right tried in vain to force their way to the tribune, which was strongly guarded by the stoutest ushers of the Chamber and Senate. Hence, scenes of violence. Finally, a vote was taken; the members of the Right abstained en masse; and, instead of protesting en masse against this disgraceful conduct of the Reactionaries by a unanimous vote, more than 100 Republicans opposed to M. Grévy candidatures which were neither presented nor authorised. The result was as follows:—576 voters: Grévy, 457; Brisson, 68; Freycinet, 14. Votes were also given for MM. Anatole De la Forge, Le Royer, Marshal Canrobert, Léon Say, General Camponon, and Wilson. The dissident votes amounted in all to 119. M. Grévy was therefore declared re-elected, for seven years, President of the French Republic. M. Grévy was born in 1813.

The winter exhibitions of pictures have begun at the gallery of the Rue de Sèze with a collection of the works of Octave Tassaert. Tassaert committed suicide some ten years ago, at the age of sixty-four; and since his death, which was the result neither of poverty nor of the disdain of his contemporaries, certain critics and amateurs have endeavoured to raise him to the rank of a great painter and a great colourist. The present exhibition will certainly not support this excessive reputation, though it is not wanting in interesting and clever, if not masterly, works.

The success of "Sapho" caused the French Academy to make advances to M. Alphonse Daudet, and to assure him that, if he offered himself, his election would be certain. M. Daudet has had recourse to the hundred voices of the Press to decline the honour, and to repeat his answer made two years ago to similar advances—"I am not a candidate; I never have been, and never shall be a candidate at the Academy." M. Daudet feels that membership of the Academy would interfere with his literary independence, and that the solicitation of votes is beneath his dignity. It just happens, too, that in the novel which he is now writing—"Une Rupture dans le Monde"—he has satirised the Academicians, and all the jobbing and intrigue necessary to win the arm-chair of immortality.

T. C.

The Session of the Spanish Cortes was opened last Saturday by Royal decree, which was read by Señor Sagasta, the Premier, in both Houses. Señor Canovas, who was elected President of the Congress, urged all parties to unite for the defence of peace and legal institutions. It was resolved that deputations should proceed to the Palace, to express to Queen Christina the regret of the Senate and Chamber at the death of King Alfonso.—Her Majesty the Queen Regent and her two daughters were present at a great military mass near Madrid on Sunday, and were respectfully received.

A gigantic Christmas-tree was displayed on Christmas Eve in the hall of the Royal Castle of Gödöllő. The Emperor and Empress distributed the presents among the members of the Imperial family and chief Court officials. The Crown Prince Rudolph presented the Emperor with a copy of his new ethnographical work on Austria-Hungary. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess returned on Christmas Day to Vienna. The Empress returned to Vienna on Monday morning, and the Emperor later in the day. They intend to return at the end of January, and spend the carnival in Hungary.

The bill which awaits passage in Congress for the suppression of polygamy in Utah is of the most stringent character.

The Agent-General for New South Wales has received a telegram from Sydney informing him of the formation of a new Ministry:—Premier and Colonial Secretary, Sir John Robertson, K.C.M.G.; Colonial Treasurer, Mr. J. S. Burns; Attorney-General, Mr. G. B. Simpson; Secretary for Land, Mr. G. Spring; Secretary for Public Works, Mr. J. Garrard; Minister of Public Instruction, Mr. J. H. Young; Minister of Justice, Mr. L. F. Heydon; Postmaster-General, Mr. Daniel O'Connor; Secretary for Mines, Mr. R. M. Vaughan.—By a Reuter's telegram from Melbourne we learn that the Hon. G. B. Kerferd has been appointed Judge. The Hon. James Service, the Premier, temporarily retires into private life, and will probably be succeeded by the Hon. Duncan Gillies.—The Hon. Graham Berry will be appointed Agent-General in London, the Hon. Murray Smith having expressed a desire to return home. The latter intends to resign his post at the end of March or the beginning of April next.

## THE DOGS OF LONDON.

Much comment has been made upon the order lately issued by the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, under the discretionary powers given to him by the Act of Parliament (30th and 31st of Victoria, chapter 134, section 18), requiring every dog in the streets not led by some person, to be muzzled. The police were instructed, when this order came into force, on Dec. 10, to capture all dogs found loose and unmuzzled; to detain them for three days, and if not then claimed by their owners, the dogs were to be sold or destroyed. The magistrates were already empowered, upon complaint that any dog had bitten or attempted to bite any person, to order the animal to be killed; but the report that there had been many cases of hydrophobia in London caused some alarm, which induced the Metropolitan Police authorities, or perhaps the Home Secretary, to forbid unmuzzled dogs to go at large. There is considerable difference of opinion with regard to the necessity or utility of this indiscriminating rule. Some think that the general depressing effect upon the health of dogs, whether if confined indoors or taken out under such unnatural restrictions, deprived of needful exercise and prevented from barking, might rather predispose many of these animals to disease. It should not be forgotten that every dog which actually becomes mad will have opportunities of biting people in the household to which he belongs; so that muzzling the dogs out of doors, or holding them by a leash, affords no absolute security that they will not, if mad, be the cause of inflicting on human beings that dreadful disease which is apprehended. Hydrophobia, indeed, is of extremely rare occurrence; and the morbid conditions in which it may be generated, when the dog has not been bitten by another dog, are very imperfectly understood; but if dogs are kept at all, it would seem advisable to allow them to enjoy a healthy and natural manner of life. The police regulations prescribe that the muzzle shall be of such a kind, and so put on, as "to admit of the animal breathing and drinking without obstruction." But many persons well acquainted with animals do not consider that this is sufficient, as the dog, while taking exercise, wants to open his mouth wide, to pant and inhale the air freely; and the act of barking, sometimes at least, is probably also needful to his health. As for leading the dog by a cord, it may be a desirable precaution in the case of dogs which are not obedient to command, or which do not closely follow their masters; but it would hardly prevent their biting people who happen to pass within reach. The most serious objection, however, to the peremptory and universal enforcement of this rule, is that it condemns the animal to an unhealthy deprivation of exercise; and this, with the irritating effect of the muzzle, and with probable struggles when the dog resists its putting on, may spoil the tempers of hundreds of dogs, and may provoke them to bite children or servants in the house. It is, moreover, almost impossible to prevent dogs escaping from the house, either whenever a door is opened, or through an open window: every dog naturally and innocently desires to run out, once or twice a day, to visit the familiar street-corners of the neighbourhood, and to see what is going on, with that vigilant curiosity which is characteristic of the race. A dog which constantly mopes indoors may be suspected of a morbid disposition; and it cannot be judicious to adopt a treatment likely to form this unwholesome habit.

With regard, however, to dogs which have gone astray and have been lost, as they have no private persons responsible for their care, the police may well be employed in putting down the nuisance. Their operations in the streets, in pursuit of the half-wild creatures, may sometimes have the comical aspect shown in our Artist's Sketches; but the service is usefully performed. The captured ownerless dogs are usually sent to an excellent institution, the "Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs," in Battersea-road, South Lambeth, the twenty-fourth annual report of which has been issued. The patrons are their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge; the Earl of Onslow is the president, and the list of vice-presidents and of the council and managing committee includes many persons of distinction. Mr. J. C. Colam is the resident secretary, and Mr. A. J. Sewell is the (honorary) inspecting veterinary surgeon. This is, at present, the only place in London where lost dogs are received and properly cared for; and all, except a hundred or so in the year, are brought in by the police. In the twelve-month preceding the date of last year's report, 14,772 dogs were received; and from Jan. 1 to Dec. 14 last year, 21,614. The recent police order, from Dec. 10, tended very greatly to increase the number captured, and the following figures show the increasing daily return for one week—Dec. 7, 304; 8, 253; 9, 242; 10, 266; 11, 353; 12, 412; and 14, 468. With regard to the detection of madness in the animals, it is scarcely possible for one, however slightly affected, to escape notice. There are seven keepers, all experienced men in discovering diseases, and a daily visit is made by Mr. Sewell, the veterinary surgeon. There are many kennels set apart for lame or diseased dogs, and several wired from top to bottom for the use of supposed "mad" animals. Of true rabies, there were thirteen cases detected in the Home in 1883, fifteen in 1884, and fifty-six cases were clearly developed in the kennels last year. The danger has been checked for the moment, but that the disease has been wholly eradicated is very doubtful. By the dogs being now taken to the Home, a very large diminution in the number of stray and ownerless animals will be effected. Those wearing collars are kept five days, and those without collars three days, for their owners to come and claim them; after which time, if in good condition, they may be sold and delivered to respectable purchasers. Those which are in such a diseased and miserable state as to be unfit to live are put to a painless death, a number of them at once, by inhaling a narcotic vapour in the "lethal chamber," invented by Dr. B. W. Richardson. This "anæsthetic" mode of execution is similar in effect to the extinction of life by chloroform, and may be called "death by sleep." The apparatus is shown in one of our Illustrations. A wooden chamber, having an internal capacity of 200 cubic feet, is closed at all parts, except the front sliding-door, and the escape-pipe or flue occasionally used for the discharge of gas. It contains two boxes, 18 in. long and 4 in. wide, filled with Verity's patent gas fuel, a porous burnt loam, which absorbs the fluid poured in through a funnel at the top, and gives it out in volumes of vapour, when a current of charcoal gas, warmed by the stoves outside, is passed over the substance in the boxes. The fluid which produces the narcotic effect is a mixture of chloroform and bisulphide of carbon. The dogs condemned to this easy way of dying are placed in a cage of wooden framework, with an upper and lower division, which runs on wheels, over iron rails, through the sliding door into the "lethal chamber." The supply of narcotic vapour is duly regulated by the attendants, and in three or four minutes, probably, the animals have ceased to breathe. This is ascertained by hearing through a sort of stethoscope at the top of the chamber. It is believed that no sense of suffering is felt, the dogs becoming unconscious as soon as the sliding door is closed.

## CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 30.

In connection with an attempt to depress stocks, arrangements were made to ship gold from New York last Saturday; but the object was so obvious to both sides of the Atlantic that no effect resulted, and the shipping orders were ultimately cancelled without causing any surprise. This failure has naturally told against operators for the fall, and the upward movement now shows renewed strength. It is easy from this experience to draw conclusions favourable to expectations of a considerable bound upwards during the New Year; but there are some who think that before much more rise is experienced there is likely to be a pause. Upon the reliability or otherwise of these views it would be idle to venture an opinion; but it seems nearly certain that 1886 will witness a very great development in American and Canadian railway matters. But nearer home, the interests of investors are also looking more favourable. The difficulties with Serbia and Bulgaria are in prospect of arrangement; and if this result is obtained without further bloodshed, it may be relied on to give a great impulse to confidence in the comparative stability of the Eastern political situation. It has also come about that the market views with diminished anxiety the dividend prospects of the principal British railways. Altogether, therefore, the Old Year is closing well for investors.

The directors of the Canada Company announce a dividend of 30s. per share. This rate is the same as was paid last half-year, but the shareholders were for some time previously accustomed to £2 each half-year, and to the application of any surplus to the purchase and cancellation of shares. The company's lands are in Ontario; and lower prices and the competition of the North-West had rendered land in Ontario less valuable. But even this diminished prosperity must seem like great prosperity to outsiders, as only £1 per share is now paid up, and to have £3 per share in bad years is, therefore, quite bearable. The market value of £1 share is £80.

At a meeting convened for the purpose, the shareholders of the Southern Mahratta Railway Company have agreed to the proposal of the Indian Government that the company should take over and complete the Mysore State Railway. The accounts of the two enterprises are to be kept separate.

A further payment of 2 per cent is announced on Jan. 1 on account of the coupon, due July, 1881, on the Wellington, Grey, and Bruce Railway First Mortgage Seven per Cent Bonds. There will then remain £4 3s. per cent to be paid in respect of that half-year.

Continued success has attended the operations of the New Zealand Land Mortgage Company, Limited, and for the year ended Oct. 31 a dividend of 7 per cent is to be paid, the rate being the same as for the previous eleven months. The company was registered Nov. 30, 1883.

The dividend of the Colonial Bank is again 10 per cent per annum.

T. S.

## THE POOR OF LIVERPOOL.

Christmas Eve was kept, in the great and populous commercial city of Liverpool, by the charitable distribution of "hot-pots"—messes of good baked or boiled meat and potatoes, with bread, sufficient in each case for a whole family—to large numbers of the poor. The Mayor, Alderman David Radcliffe, and Mrs. Radcliffe, provided a thousand of these seasonable gifts, while three hundred more were given by three friends whose names are not published; and the members of the Junior Reform Club also subscribed for eleven hundred. With regard to the Mayor's bounty, of the arrangements for which we present an Illustration, it was distributed through the agency of the Rev. Canon Postance, the Rev. Canon Major Lester, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, and Father James Nugent, ministers of different religious communions, at seven district centres on the south side of the town, and nine stations on the north side; allotting, to each centre, from fifty or sixty to a hundred or a hundred and twenty family dinners. The food, excellent beef and mutton and potatoes, to which a four-pound loaf was added in each case, was supplied by Mr. Philip Eberle, of the Alexandra Hotel, Dale-street, and prepared in the kitchens of the Townhall. Each "hot-pot" was composed of 3 lb. of meat and 7 lb. of potatoes, the whole furnishing a substantial meal for six persons. Each dish was surmounted by a silk flag, bearing the Mayor's arms and the initials of himself and Mrs. Radcliffe, with the wish, "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year. From the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. David Radcliffe). With all good wishes. 1885." The Mayor himself paid visits to many of the distributing centres, and where his Worship was unable to attend, other members of the City Council came to grace by their presence the giving away of the Mayor's bounty.

The Christmas dinners given to the poor by members of the Junior Reform Club were distributed at about a hundred different centres, selected by 139 representative ministers of all religious denominations in the city. The "hot-pots," each composed of 3 lb. of meat and 5 lb. of potatoes, were contracted for by Mr. Emil Gippich, of Dale-street, and were conveyed to the different bakehouses in carts in the early part of the morning. Each recipient of a dish or basin was in possession of a ticket previously given him by the ministers. All the details of the arrangement were carried out under the superintendence of the Hot-pot Committee, of which Mr. R. D. Buck is secretary. Though a large number of basins of food were given away, the subscriptions given by the gentlemen of the club were not all utilised, and the balance was to be spent in some charitable manner at the beginning of the New Year.

Mr. Thomas Skinner's "Stock Exchange Year-Book for 1886" has just been issued, making the twelfth year of publication of this well-known guide to investors and others concerned in public securities or joint-stock companies. The work shows a further increase in bulk, in spite of the great pains evidently taken to condense the information as much as is possible, without the omission of any essential details. Great accuracy has from the first been a distinguishing point of this Year-Book, and in this particular the present volume is apparently quite up to its predecessors. Messrs. Cassell and Company are the publishers.

According to the Registrar-General's report, 1965 births and 1408 deaths were registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 724 and the deaths 476 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. Much of this apparent decline, the Registrar-General states, was probably due to delay in registration, owing to Christmas Day and the Bank Holiday falling on the last two days of the week. The deaths included 70 from measles, 18 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria, 78 from whooping-cough, 11 from enteric fever, 13 from diarrhoea and dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 410, 413, and 503 in the three preceding weeks, declined to 383 last week, and were 154 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 44 deaths: 36 being the result of negligence or accident.



## BOOKS ON THE SOUDAN WAR.

A twelvemonth ago Lord Wolseley's army was gathering at Korti; the "River Column," under command of General Earle, was starting up the Nile; and Sir Herbert Stewart, who had gone forward with the Guards' Camel Regiment to Jakdul (or Gakdul), halfway across the Desert on the route to Matammeh, was back at head-quarters, at Korti, preparing to march that way for the relief of General Gordon at Khartum. The lamented deaths both of General Earle and of Sir Herbert Stewart, from wounds in battle, deprived their Queen and countrymen in Great Britain of the opportunity of rewarding with deserved honours those remarkable military services which they had performed in the Soudan campaign. In each instance the command was left by them to officers of high ability, Brigadier C. B. Brackenbury and Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, whose pens have been employed, since their return to England, in writing simple and correct narratives of those parts of the expedition respectively belonging to them. *From Korti to Khartum* is the title of Sir Charles Wilson's modest volume, published by Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons, which consists of a "Journal of the Desert March from Korti to Gubat, and of the Ascent of the Nile in General Gordon's Steamers." No military historian since Xenophon has related proceedings of this kind in a more simple, unpretentious, and unaffected style, which is far better, to the taste of Englishmen and soldiers, than the florid descriptions of some of our "Special Correspondents." We have read Sir Charles Wilson's unadorned and strictly accurate narrative with the greater interest, because, as the readers of the *Illustrated London News* will remember, our own Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, whose Sketches are likewise entirely free from exaggeration, accompanied the march to Gubat, and witnessed the two memorable battles, at Abu Klea on Jan. 17, and at Abu Kru, near the Nile, on the 19th, when Sir Herbert Stewart was mortally wounded. Other personal friends, one of whom, Mr. Walter Ingram, a volunteer attached to the Naval Brigade, but in England an officer of Yeomanry Cavalry, is highly praised by Sir Charles Wilson for his cool and quiet gallantry in both engagements, shared the experiences here related. But the public in general will eagerly follow this account of events still fresh in recollection, and which were regarded at the time with admiration, but with some degree of anxiety for one of the boldest and most adventurous of military movements. The march from Korti to Matammeh, a town on the Nile 93 miles below Khartum, was a distance of 176 miles over a tract of country not entirely destitute of water and pasture, but without any settled habitations, and frequented by powerful hostile tribes. The total force commanded by Sir Herbert Stewart numbered 120 officers and 1900 men, with 300 native servants; but detachments were left to guard different posts, and the force engaged at Abu Klea, against the attack of from 9000 to 11,000 Arabs, partly regular Soudanese soldiers, was much smaller than when it set forth from Korti. It was still further reduced by the losses in that battle and at Abu Kru, having been diminished to the extent of one tenth of its former strength, and was encumbered by more than a hundred wounded. This consideration is sufficient to explain why Matammeh was not captured, and why the expedition did not go in force to Khartum, or confront and disperse the large army of the Mahdi, estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000 men. Sir Charles Wilson's reconnaissance, on the 28th, with two steam-boats, of the enemy's position near Khartum, at the junction of the Blue and the White Nile, off Tuti Island, was the ultimate feat of this expedition. It was impossible to do more than he did, with the means at his disposal; and he then ascertained that Khartum had fallen into the enemy's possession, which took place on the 26th; but, even if Gordon had still been living and holding out, we doubt whether these steam-boats, with only twenty British soldiers on board, could have reached the palace and barracks, or could have rendered him any effectual aid. The circumstances of the position at Gubat during several preceding days, the smallness of the military force in camp, its exhausted condition, the near presence of threatening hostile forces on different sides, and the illness of the gallant officer, Lord Charles Beresford, commanding the Naval Brigade, quite account for the delay in going up to Khartum, Sir Charles Wilson being unable to start from Gubat till the morning of the 24th. It is evident, on the whole, that the force dispatched by Lord Wolseley from Korti was not strong enough in numbers to perform the arduous service expected of it, and that this was the true reason of its failure to reach Khartum. We should, however, from Sir Charles Wilson's account of the march across the Desert, be inclined to believe that there would have been great difficulty in sending a larger force, both on account of the insufficient means of transport, and of the scanty and precarious supply of water. Lord Wolseley's plans may have been the best that could have been adopted, under these circumstances; but the conduct, first of Sir Herbert Stewart, secondly of Sir Charles Wilson, and of the gallant officers holding secondary or subsequent commands, must be fully approved by every careful and impartial mind, understanding the facts, and judging the merits of their performance. This journal of Sir Charles Wilson's is not only an instructive contribution to recent military history, but contains many interesting anecdotes of life on the march and in camp, and the clearest and most precise accounts of the fighting, besides documents relating

to General Gordon, the Mahdi, and the tragedy of Khartum. It is furnished with a map of part of the Soudan.

Captain Willoughby Verner, of the Rifle Brigade, who held the post of Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General on the Staff, in the Intelligence Department, has published (through Mr. R. H. Porter, Tenterden-street) a book of *Sketches in the Soudan*, commendable for graphic fidelity and for their artistic merit. Nearly all these drawings were made and coloured on the spot, either at the time of the occurrences represented, or on a subsequent visit to the place; they have been drawn in lithography by Mr. J. G. Keulemans, and printed in the original tints by Messrs. Hanhart. They represent scenes on the Nile, with the whale-boats conveying the troops, between Gemai and Sarra, at the Kaibar cataract, at the Shaban rapids, and in the approach to Dongola, with some examples of the animal life, the crocodiles and the birds, seen on that river; Lord Wolseley's head-quarters' camp at Korti; the advance column marching across the Bayuda Desert; the wells, or rock-basins of water, at Gakdul; the valley of Abu Klea; the Mahdi's wild warriors fighting there in the battle of Jan. 17; the scene at dawn on the 19th, after the night march, and the coming within sight of the river; the ground lying between the troops at Abu Kru and the Nile, when the second battle was fought; the banks of the river, gained with so much toil and bloodshed; the men at work fortifying the village of Gubat, on the 20th; the arrival of Gordon's steamers next day, and many other scenes, incidents, groups, and figures, the names of which are familiar to every reader of narratives of the campaign. Among these, we should observe, are some on board the armoured steam-boat *Safia*, in which Captain Verner accompanied Lord Charles Beresford to reconnoitre Matammeh and Shendi, firing shot and shell into those towns; a portrait of Kashm-el-Mus, the Arab captain of the Tal Howeija, whose behaviour is much spoken of by Sir Charles Wilson; and one of the English seamen equipped for the Naval Brigade. There is a riverside view of a fortified camp at Gubat, which is minutely exact in all its details. The aspect of the battlefield at Abu Kru, when revisited on Feb. 14, with the vultures and adjutant-birds assembled to feast on the bodies of dead men and beasts, is depicted with terrible truthfulness; and the hill at Abu Klea, littered with the slain foe, lying in dreadful contortions, is not less shocking to behold. The graves of some of our countrymen at Abu Klea, and that of Sir Herbert Stewart at Gakdul, are carefully delineated; and the incidents of the return march to Korti, under the command of General Sir Redvers Buller, furnish additional subjects for Captain Verner's pencil. The last scene of the enemy was in the evening of Feb. 24, near Gebel-es-Sergain; and the remaining sketches are mostly on the Nile, where a camp was formed by General Dormer at Tani, near Ambukol, and was occupied till the end of May. The sketches made at this place, and in the subsequent return down the Nile, by Dongola, Hafir, and Abou Fatmeh, and in the descent of the cataracts, may lack the stirring interest of a forward expedition, but are engaging illustrations of a great river voyage, amidst remarkable scenery; and that of the ruined temple of Gurian Tawa, in Nubia, is of architectural and antiquarian value. The series of views terminates at the railway station near Ambigol, so that this book is wholly occupied with the Soudan, containing none of those properly Egyptian sketches which have been produced in sufficient abundance. Captain Verner's descriptive and narrative record is brief and simple, furnishing all the information required to understand the course of events, to explain his admirably correct and faithful drawings, and to give their subjects a vivid sense of reality, in which quality they can hardly be surpassed. We are pleased to recognise one, the "post-mortem examination of a crocodile," which he kindly sent to us, and which appeared as an Engraving in this Journal. It is satisfactory, also, both to ourselves and to our readers, that these sketches, in very many instances, agree substantially with those of Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, upon whose precise accuracy we have always relied, and whose work in the Soudan campaign has merited and obtained high commendation.

We are glad to read, in the *Gardeners' Magazine*, that the new régime at Kew is likely to result in considerable additions to the facilities for the public use of the gardens.

Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steamer *Florida*, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in October last.

The President of the United States has sent a gold watch to Mr. Michael Lund, master of the Durham City, of the Furness Line, in recognition of the services rendered by him to the water-logged American schooner *J. G. Ferriss*.

The Wrexham Choir Eistedfodd was held in the public hall of that town on Monday. Sir Robert Cunliffe, Bart., presided. There were nearly thirty competitions for prizes offered for poems, essays, wood carvings, singing, &c. The principal, or Chair Prize, for the best poem on "Abraham," was awarded to the Rev. Mr. Humphreys, Welsh Baptist minister, who also won the prize for the best pastoral song. There was a concert in the evening.

## SIR OSWALD BRIERLY.

Sir Oswald Walter Brierly, marine painter to the Queen, on whom the honour of knighthood has been conferred, was born at Chester. From an early age his love of art was influenced by a love of ships and of the sea, and he set himself to study naval architecture as well as navigation during a sojourn at Plymouth. His first trip was in the yacht *Wanderer*, with the late Mr. Benjamin Boyd, in which he purposed to make a voyage round the world. Accidents of one sort and another prevented the realisation of this plan, and Mr. Brierly, on reaching Australia, decided to fix himself for a time in the then sparsely settled colony of New South Wales, selecting Auckland county, in the remotest south-eastern corner, for his residence. After some years of this life, he had the good fortune (1848) to fall in with Captain Owen Stanley, who, in H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, was surveying the northern shores of the Australian continent, and endeavouring to carry out the general survey of New Guinea and the adjacent archipelago. During these cruises of the *Rattlesnake*, on board of which was also Dr. (now Professor) Huxley, Mr. Brierly was able to pursue his career as an artist—sometimes, however, under difficulties, for on one occasion, whilst sketching, he was captured by the natives; but, happily, Captain Stanley arriving opportunely with a boat's crew, he was rescued without injury. Soon after the return of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* to Sydney, Captain Stanley (a brother of the late Dean of Westminster) died; but in Captain Keppel, of H.M.S. *Meander* (now Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B.), Mr. Brierly found another friend and helper. In the course of his voyage in the *Meander*, he visited New Zealand, South America, and Mexico, and finally reached England in 1852. On the declaration of war against Russia, Mr. Brierly was again afloat with his friend Captain Keppel, who, on this occasion (1854), was in command of H.M.S. *St. Jean d'Acre*, and formed part of the Baltic Fleet under the command of Admiral Sir Charles Napier. Mr. Brierly saw much active service, and furnished to the *Illustrated London News* numerous sketches of the engagements in which he took part, of which the bombardment of Bomarsund was the most noteworthy. In the following year the *St. Jean d'Acre* was ordered to the Crimea, and Mr. Brierly again obtained permission to sail with her. In the operations of the fleet, and in the trenches before Sebastopol, he took an active part, and was able to convey to the world a truthful and stirring idea of the realities of modern warfare. In H.M.S. *Highflyer* he also visited the coasts of Circassia and Mingrelia, and accompanied Captain Sherard Osborne on his gun-boat expedition into the Sea of Azoff.

His subsequent career, though not less honourable, was marked by less stirring episodes. By command of her Majesty, he attended on board the Royal yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, to make sketches of the great Naval Review held on the return of the fleets from the Baltic and the Black Sea. In 1863 he accompanied the Duke of Edinburgh on a cruise to the coasts of Norway, on board H.M.S. *Raccoon*, commanded by Count Gleichen. On the Duke's appointment to the *Galatée*, as Captain, Mr. Brierly accompanied his Royal Highness throughout his cruise round the world, visiting the Mediterranean, Cape of Good Hope, Australia, and Brazil. In 1868 he was attached to the suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales in their trip to Constantinople, Egypt, and the Crimea. In spite of all these journeyings to and fro, Mr. Brierly has found time to attain distinction as a painter, and to produce many attractive and important works, especially in water colours, having been elected an Associate of the "Old Society" in 1872, and a full Member in 1882. His most important works are connected with the great struggle of England with Spain for supremacy at sea—for instance, "Drake Taking the Captured Spanish Admiral of the Armada into Torbay," "Sir W. Winter Attacking the Starboard Division of the Armada," "The Sailing of the Armada from Ferrol," and its destruction off Gravelines. In addition to these, Sir Oswald Brierly has painted Magellan discovering the Straits which bear his name, "Blake Embarking at Dover in Pursuit of Van Tromp," and "The Loss of the *Revenge*," which is said to have inspired the Poet Laureate with his poem on the same subject.

In 1874, on the death of Mr. Schetley, Mr. Brierly was appointed Marine Painter to the Queen; and, in 1881, he succeeded Mr. Solomon Hart, R.A., as Curator of the Painted Hall at Greenwich. The majority of Sir W. J. Clarke's Armada pictures are in the gallery of Sir W. J. Clarke, of Melbourne; but they are, happily, well known through the engravings of the Art Union of London, and the etchings of Mr. David Law.

The annual ball will take place at Willis's Rooms on Feb. 3 in aid of the excellent charities in connection with the Printers' Pension Corporation.

As two young ladies, named Fitzroy, living at Stoke Damerel, Devon, were preparing for a ball, the clothing of the elder caught fire. The younger rushed to her sister's assistance, and her dress was also ignited. Both were terribly burned, and the younger died the following day.

The *City Press* states that the new Council Chamber (in commemoration of which a medal has been struck) has cost the Corporation £44,431, and the erection of temporary offices for the Town Clerk's, architect's, and other departments has involved an additional expenditure of £1817.



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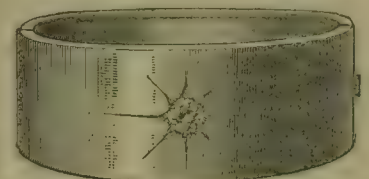
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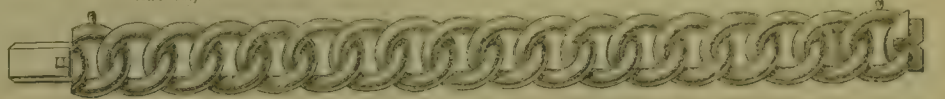
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1. The provisions arriving.

2. Scene in the Townhall kitchen.

3. Distributing at the head district dépôt.

DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD TO THE POOR BY THE MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL.





SIR OSWALD W. BRIERLY,  
MARINE PAINTER TO THE QUEEN.



SIR ROBERT MORE MOLYNEUX, K.C.B.,  
CAPTAIN, R.N.

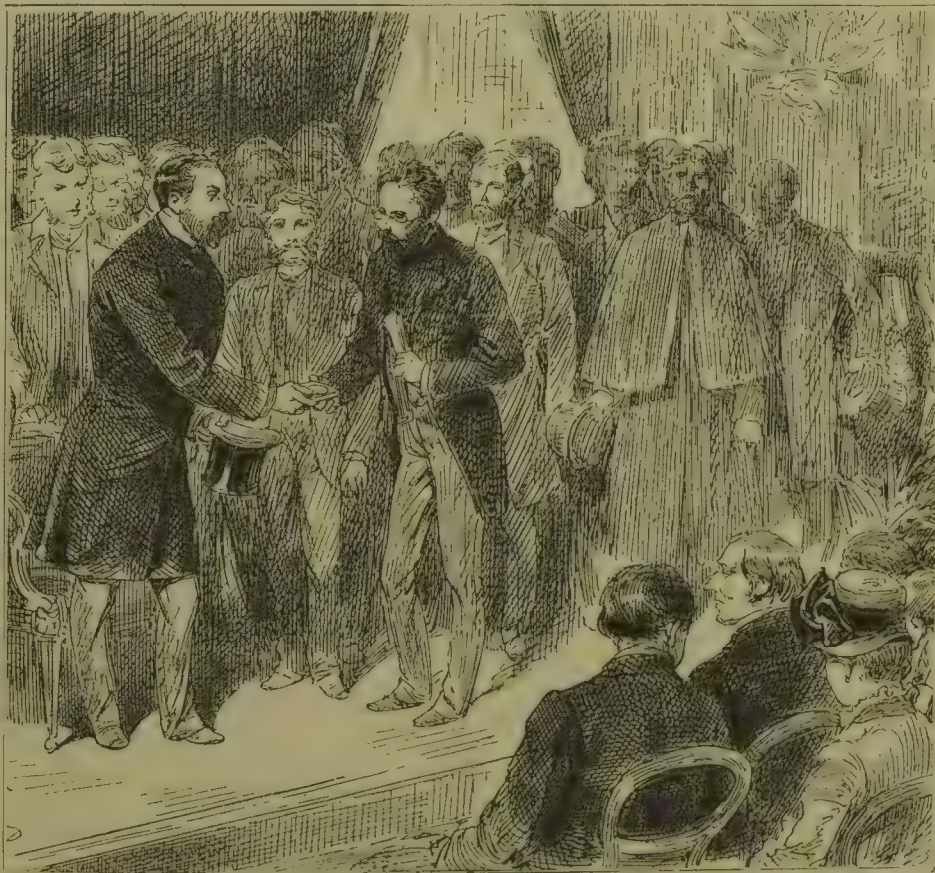


THE POTTER'S WHEEL.



THE DESIGNING-ROOM.

We recollect, above twenty-five years ago, one of the earliest public appearances of the Prince of Wales, perhaps the first occasion upon which he took the chief part in a formal ceremony, at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Lambeth School of Art, on the site of Vauxhall Gardens. The personal association of his Royal Highness with that locality, and with its art-manufacture, which has become celebrated, was again renewed on Monday week, by his coming to the works of Messrs. Doulton and Co., on the Albert Embankment, to present the Society of Arts medal to Mr. Henry Doulton, the head of that firm, "in recognition of the impulse given by him to the production of artistic pottery in this country." It fell to the Prince, as President of the Society of Arts, to perform this act of grace. The honour was enhanced in no small degree in the eyes of Messrs. Doulton and their employés by the manner of its presentation. Due preparation was made for an effective ceremony. The show-rooms, specially decorated, were prepared for a distinguished assembly. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Windsor were among the invited visitors, and on the dais erected for the ceremonial were nearly all the leading officials and committee of the Society of Arts. The Prince's monogram and crest figured in the details of the wall decoration, which followed a scheme designed by Mr. A. E. Pearce, one of the able artists of the firm. Facing the dais was one of the four panels executed for the Bromley Davenport Memorial by Mr. George Tinworth, whose service to the



PRESENTING THE GOLD MEDAL TO MR. HENRY DOULTON.

art is of the highest merit and repute. Beautiful figure panels in new impastoware, by Mr. J. Eyre, were displayed on either side of Mr. Tinworth's work. On maroon draperies other panels, photos, and plaques were effectively hung, and flowers, ferns, and flags were disposed so as to enhance the colour harmony of the scene. While the guests were waiting the arrival of the Prince, a select choir, under the direction of Mr. G. T. Carter, Vicar-Choral of Westminster Abbey, sang to the audience. They also welcomed the Prince by singing, on his arrival, the National Anthem. The Prince was attended by the Hon. H. Tyrwhit Wilson. Sir Frederick Abel having introduced Mr. Henry Doulton to his Royal Highness, the Prince addressed that gentleman and the company, saying, "I need hardly remind you of the history of this medal. It is a memorial to my late lamented father, who did so much to encourage arts, manufactures, and commerce, and who for eighteen years presided over the Society of Arts. This medal, instituted twenty-two years ago, has been awarded for distinguished merit and for promoting arts, manufactures, and commerce. From all you have done, Mr. Doulton, not only in this country but throughout the world, I do not think there is anyone more deserving of the high compliment we are now about to pay you. I would express the great pleasure it affords me personally to hand you the Albert Gold Medal."

In replying to the Prince, Mr. Henry Doulton spoke with cordial acknowledgment of the loyal assistance of his fellow-workers in the Lambeth



Pottery, naming especially Mr. George Tinworth, of whom they were all proud; he bore testimony to the advantage they had derived from the Lambeth School of Art, and from the City and Guilds Institute Technical School at Kensington, and concluded by reminding his Royal Highness that this locality, formerly styled "The Prince's Liberty of the Parish of Lambeth," being part of the ancient manor of Kennington, was peculiarly associated with the Princes of Wales.

The Prince received from the hands of Mr. Edward Bryon, on behalf of the employes, an illuminated address, in which the efforts of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the late Prince Consort to extend our national manufactures were specially acknowledged.

The Prince visited the art pottery, inspected the various processes, and took note of an elaborate vase, prepared in commemoration of the day, to remain in the museum of the works. The art studios and works were afterwards thrown open to the visitors, where many of the processes—such as impasto-painting, animal-etching, by the Misses Barlow, tile-painting, figuring, and appliqué-work—were courteously explained.

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## SIR R. MORE MOLYNEUX, K.C.B.

This gallant and distinguished officer of the Royal Navy, who has been appointed a Knight Commander of the Bath, is son of the late Mr. James More-Molyneux, J.P. and D.L., of Loseley Park, Guildford. He entered the Navy as a cadet in 1852, and served during the Russian War on board H.M.S. Sanspareil in the Black Sea, at the bombardment of Sebastopol, and subsequently in the Baltic on board H.M.S. Russell. He attained the rank of Lieutenant in 1859, Commander 1865, and Captain 1872. From 1877, he served in H.M.S. Vesuvius on the West Coast of Africa, and was employed in several boat operations up the African rivers; he was also Captain of H.M.S. Ruby in the Aegean Sea, during the Russo-Turkish War; and in 1879, when a Burmese War seemed imminent, was senior naval officer in Burmese waters. In 1882, at the bombardment of the Alexandria forts, he commanded H.M.S. Invincible, carrying the flag of Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour; and he subsequently arranged and organised the water supply for the military and inhabitants of Alexandria after the ordinary supply had been

cut off by the rebels. A gold medal was awarded to him for his services. Captain More-Molyneux went up the Nile, in the spring of 1884, to report on the facilities for transport in anticipation of the Nile Expedition; and on his return was appointed Commodore in the Red Sea, and had charge of the defence of Souakim ashore and afloat until August. He remained in command of the Red Sea Squadron till June, 1885, when, active operations having come to an end, the appointment there was abolished. Sir R. More Molyneux is married to Anne, daughter of Captain Forster, R.N., and grand-daughter of the late Mr. G. H. Carew, of Carew Castle, Pembrokeshire, Pentressant, Shropshire, and Crowcombe Court, Taunton.

The Lord Mayor presided at the annual dinner of the Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution at the Albion Tavern, on Monday, the contributions amounting to £1550.

The Glasgow National Security Savings Bank has the largest amount of deposits of any savings bank in the empire, the total being £4,251,966, an increase of £142,041 on the year.

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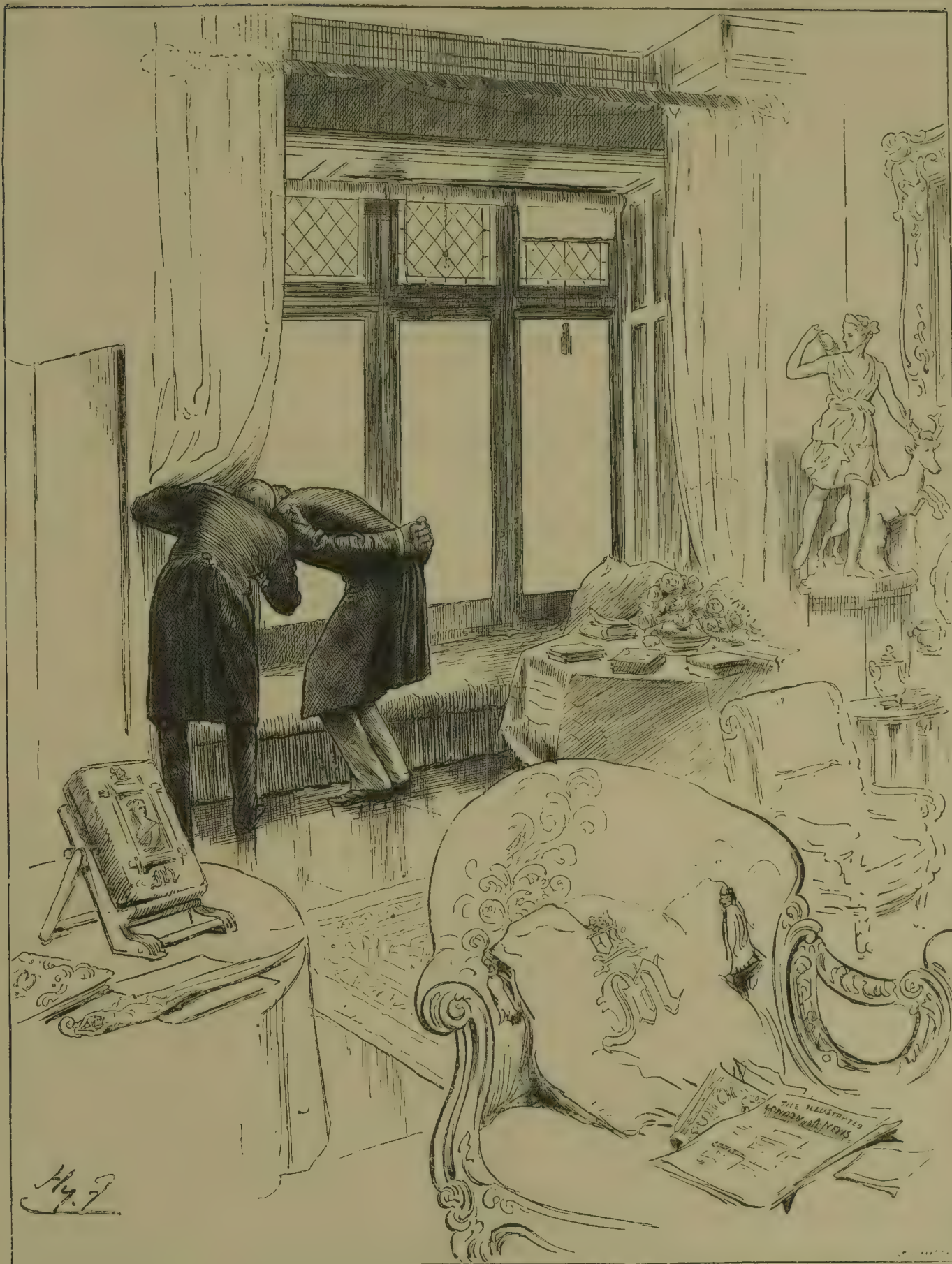
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DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

For the space of three minutes they stood with their noses flattened against the blind.

# THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "THE CANON'S WARD" &amp;c.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE DOCTOR'S FIAT.

If there is one attitude above all others that, in an Englishman at least, betokens personal complacency, and the sense of being monarch of all he surveys, it is the standing on his own hearth-rug with his legs slightly apart, his back to the fire, and his coat-tails under his arms. Neither sculptor nor painter, so far as I know, has transferred this particular pose to marble or canvas—perhaps from the impossibility of including within it the whole human form divine—but there is nothing equal to it in the way of characteristic significance. The head is thrown carelessly back, the shoulder-blades rest lightly on the edge of the mantelpiece, and the expression of the face is that of supreme content and undisputed authority.

Under these favourable circumstances, Mr. Christopher Melburn, of Burrow Hall, Justice of the Peace for Downshire, is introduced to the reader's notice. He is a tall, handsome, and strikingly aristocratic-looking man of sixty years old or so, but bearing that "bouquet" of years as lightly as though it were a single flower. His fine grey eyes have not lost their fire, nor do they stand in need of glasses to read the smallest type in which his magisterial doings are chronicled in the local paper; if his brow is slightly furrowed, it is not by time so much as by a certain chronic disapproval of the turn things are taking in the world—"opening of flood-gates, tampering with vested interests and the sacred ark of the Constitution"—for he is a Whig of the old school, and neither in his frame nor face is there the slightest sign of decadence or of giving way to anything or anybody. When he speaks of one of the many misfortunes which are about to befall his country, he always adds "I shall not live to see it," but not

with that patriotic and unselfish air with which the observation is generally made; his tone would rather lead you to understand that while Christopher Melburn is alive his country is safe, but that when he shall be gathered to his fathers (an event, however, not to occur just now, by any means) the last barrier to sweeping change will have been swept away, and after that the Deluge.

In some persons the thoughts of so terrible a catastrophe taking place for certain after their demise would have affected their spirits, but this gentleman's nature was cast in too heroic a mould to be disturbed by considerations of that kind. If it had been possible for an idea of Mr. Melburn's to have taken so vague a shape, I think that some such formula as "serve them right" would have expressed his views upon the generation that would succeed him. If he had been elected for the county when he stood for it—instead of his having thrown away twenty thousand pounds he could ill afford in the dirt and on the dirt in that vain endeavour—he would have made a figure in Parliament, have attained a place in the Cabinet, and possibly changed the aspect of the whole political horizon from dark to light; but since the talents which Heaven had given him had been ignored, and his patriotic aspirations unappreciated, then Downshire and the world must take the consequences. They had rejected an opportunity which certainly was not likely, looking at the state of his finances, to occur again. He was a power still, and no small one; but that more extended sphere of usefulness to which he had looked forward (in company with a baronetcy if not a peerage) had been denied him by his fellow-countrymen, and so much the worse for them.

In his own opinion, however, which nothing could shake,

Christopher Melburn was as great a man as ever; and in his own house, and on his own hearth-rug, could still regard matters with much complacency. The appearance of things about him was indeed of a nature to inspire this feeling. The apartment in which he stood, his private sanctum—"study" he called it, though its array of books was limited—was a handsome one; and the view from the great bay window—for the other and smaller one only looked out upon the carriage sweep—was very extensive.

In the foreground was a garden, bright and fresh with the tints of early spring; the lawn sloped down to a lake beautiful in itself, and possessing the additional merit of being the only piece of ornamental water on the vast table-land of down on which Burrow Hall was situated; upon the other side of it lay the park, which, though of somewhat small extent for so pretentious a title, was charmingly dotted with knolls and crags; then a broad band of trees, which sheltered this favoured residence from bitter north and roaring east; and, beyond them, the rounded masses of the South Downs stretching to left and right, like some green sea on the day after a storm.

Neither the picturesqueness of the landscape nor its extent formed, however, its chief attraction to the person who was at present regarding it with so much approval, but the knowledge that so far as the eye could reach it was all his own. A good many senses have been added to the original five in these later years; but there is one which must always have existed in some form as universally as to-day—the influence of which is, I am told, with some men so great as to make up for the absence of any other—namely, the sense of possession. A few, indeed, have no personal experience of it. When they see a jewel, the glow or the sparkle of it gladdens their eye (perhaps for half a



minute), but the consciousness of its being their own, though they would like to have it to sell well enough, would not enhance its charms for them in the slightest degree; a rare volume, the ownership of which fills the book-hunter with the most pleasurable emotions, may be theirs or the first pick-pocket's, for all they care, when once they have become acquainted with its contents; while, as for that eagerness for "laying field to field" of which the Hebrew prophet speaks with such reprobation, it is to them an inexplicable egotism, which would carry with it, if successful, a terrible punishment indeed, since "to be placed alone in the midst of the Earth" is about the last object of their ambition. The majority of mankind, however, it is probable, think with Mr. Melburn, who, if he could have worn the stars for shirt-studs, and attached the moon to his watch-chain, would have set a much higher value on the heavenly bodies than he did at present. There was one blot upon the landscape, indeed, which no other eye perceived but his own—namely, a very heavy mortgage, begun in those electioneering times, and afterwards enlarged on certain pressing occasions; but just now it did not intrude upon him. He was not only at ease with himself, as indeed it was his wont to be, but with the world at large—including the Jews.

At this moment a step was heard coming down the stairs from the floor above—a very heavy step, which nevertheless moved with as little sound as the weight of him to whom it belonged admitted of; a slow and thoughtful step, which somehow conveyed the impression to the hearer of a made-up mind.

"Thank goodness, Edith is all right," observed Mr. Christopher Melburn to himself. "When Dalling comes down like that without stopping at the landing the case is clear—there are no complications."

He had had opportunities of hearing Dr. Dalling's step when it had lingered: not once or twice only had it been the Doctor's task to tell the Squire bad news concerning his own flesh and blood. Two daughters and a son had died under his roof of the felix disease, consumption. His son Jefferson, the sole offspring of his first marriage, was, indeed, strong and healthy enough; but Mary, his remaining child by the second marriage, was delicate; and her mother had been an invalid for years. Some new phase in her condition had necessitated the Doctor's visit on this occasion. To her daughter it had seemed alarming; but Mr. Melburn thought, or pretended to think, otherwise. He always discredited everything personally disagreeable to himself as an imputation against Providence, and on this occasion had sent for the Doctor less from apprehension than to have his own view corroborated by a medical opinion.

The door opened, and in stalked a man of such gigantic stature that if he had died, as some men are said to do, by inches, he might have composed an encyclopædia, supplement and all, during his last illness. All that is often to be said of such exceptional individuals is that they are very tall men; but this Anak was remarkable for something besides his thighs and sinews. There is a well-known saying in these days that "there are only two doctors out of London," a statement which varies with the speaker, and becomes enlarged, let us hope, with his experience; but if, as doubtless was the case, it was made in the times of which we write, the name of Dr. Dalling would certainly have been found in the most exclusive list. So great was his fame that he was sometimes even summoned to the metropolis to take part in consultations. In Downshire he was called "The Infalible," and by his intimates "The Pope." Though confident of speech, his manners and movements were exceptionally gentle: it almost seemed, as with Gulliver among the Lilliputians, that in associating with his fellow-men he was afraid of his own strength and weight; and indeed there was some reason for his being careful. Some years ago, striding home one evening along the downs—for whenever he could, he used his own legs instead of his horse's—he was set upon by two tramps or footpads. It was during a thick fog, or they would probably never have committed such an act of imprudence. Probably they only saw a part of him, and very naturally mistook it for the whole. When the Doctor loomed upon them in his entirety they would very gladly have dropped their bludgeons and fled; but matters were too far advanced for remedy: his gigantic arms flew out like the suckers of an octopus, and seized each man by the scruff of his neck; then he knocked their heads together—just once. In the one case, as he intended, there was a simple fracture, but in the other—perhaps the poor wretch had a softer cranium—the blow was fatal. It was said that Doctor Dalling ever afterwards shrank from attending cases of concussion of the brain, which, in a hunting country, must have been inconvenient.

His huge countenance, bronzed by wind and weather, looked very grave and gentle as he now entered the room. But even if that had not been its normal expression, Mr. Christopher Melburn would have declined to draw from it any evil augury.

"Well, Doctor, and what's your news?" he inquired, without shifting his comfortable position. "This east wind has been playing its usual tricks, I suppose, with my unfortunate wife."

"It has not improved matters, no doubt," was the dry reply; "but the weather is but a small factor in a case like hers. I am sorry to say that I think badly of her."

"So you have said any time during these last ten years," returned the Squire, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "We can hardly expect to see poor Edith very strong again, of course; but, as she says herself, 'creaking doors hang long.' You don't mean, surely, to assert of your positive knowledge that there is any danger?"

From underneath the Doctor's shaggy eyebrows, which would have made a tolerable head of hair for most sexagenarians, there flashed forth a terrible look of contempt and reproof.

"There is more than danger, Mr. Melburn," he put in, curtly. "Your wife's malady has, in my opinion, taken a direction that can only have one end."

The Squire turned pale, and, gathering himself together, walked straight up to his companion, who was standing by the window.

"Good heavens, Dalling! so you mean that my wife is dying?" His tone had genuine feeling in it: he was shocked. "There is no immediate danger, if you mean that, Mr. Melburn."

The other uttered a sigh of relief.

"She may rise from her bed to-morrow—in all probability will do so—for she has the pluck of two women, and may even come down stairs as usual; but her recovery is utterly hopeless. The only thing that can prolong her life is change of air, of scene, of all the conditions of life to which she is accustomed. As soon as she is strong enough to bear the journey, you must take her to the German baths, which formerly benefited her so much. It is advice, Mr. Melburn," he continued, observing the other was about to speak, "which I should not think of offering—since I know from her own lips the inconvenience it will entail upon you—if there were any choice in the matter; but, in my judgment, there is none."

"Really, Dalling," said the Squire, walking about the room with rapid strides, "your advice is more like a *congé de lire*

than a medical prescription. One would think that there was some penalty like that of *premiure* for anyone who should be so audacious as to neglect it."

"I don't know as to penalty," observed the Doctor, drily; "but the simple effect of such neglect will be that 'the creaking door' of which you spoke will not hang upon its fragile hinge three months. It is for you to decide whether it is worth while to prolong life under circumstances which may seem to you undesirable. In our profession we have only one view of such matters: but very possibly it may be an erroneous one."

"It is very inconvenient," murmured Mr. Melburn, testily, but without taking the least notice of his companion's satire, "just as the spring is coming on, and matters on the estate want particular attention. We're expecting the new governess, too, this very day; and Jefferson is coming home on purpose to meet Winthrop."

"The world is full of inconveniences," returned the Doctor, cheerfully; "and one can no more escape from them than I can keep myself dry in a shower by picking my way through the drops of rain." He could afford to joke, for he knew that he had carried his point; when the Squire began to count his slain—to enumerate his grievances—it was a sign that the battle was over.

The matter being settled, the Doctor had the tact, seldom wanting to gentlemen of his calling, to make no further reference to it. The critical state of Mrs. Melburn's health was not indeed, one would have thought, a subject to be dismissed so curtly; but he knew his man, and that he required quite as "peculiar treatment" as his patient.

"And who is the young lady," he inquired, "whom you have engaged as Miss Mary's governess?"

"A Miss Dart. She has taken the highest honours a young woman can compass: has a diploma, very much more imposing than was ever given by the College of Physicians; is highly distinguished in all the ologies, while she is only 'favourably mentioned' as regards accomplishments. I suspect she'll be a caution; which, as among her other duties she will have to ward off trespassers on Winthrop's preserve, it is only right and proper she should be. She will probably have sandy hair and red eyes. Talk of an angel and we hear the flutter of her wings. Here's the carriage, just come back with her from the railway station; so you can judge for yourself."

The two gentlemen turned to the window; which, thanks to an artfully contrived blind, enabled the occupant of the study to command the porch without exposing himself to view, and thereby to decide whether he should be at home, or not at home, to visitors. For the space of three minutes they stood, with their noses flattened against the blind, in silence, till the front door closed, announcing that the newcomer had come in. Then Mr. Christopher Melburn observed to his companion, "By Jingo! eh!" and Dr. Dalling elevated his eyebrows, and very softly and significantly whistled. When men are alone together their manner of expressing the emotions is primitive.

## CHAPTER II.

### JEFFERSON.

"Will papa consent to your going abroad, do you think, mother?"

"Yes, darling, I do. At all events, I have done my best."

"How good you are to me!"

"Nonsense. Did you not hear the Doctor say that change was essential to me?"

"But that was after you reminded him what good the baths had done you before."

"Well, if you choose to feel that I have conferred an obligation on you, perhaps you will be so good as to help me on to the sofa."

"But, suppose papa were to come up and find you there, would he not think?"

"He will not come up," put in the sick lady, quietly. Her tone was confident, but there was a little shiver in it full of sad significance. Most husbands, even those with whom any demonstrativeness of affection is not "their way," upon hearing such tidings as Christopher Melburn had heard that afternoon, would have come to say a word of comfort and sympathy to their sick wife. It was not only that the time had long gone by, however, in his case for the exhibition of domestic sentiment, but, as she well understood, he would abstain from any such proceeding with a purpose—namely, to mark his disapprobation of the step which he had been compelled at her instigation (as he put it) to consent to. He was by no means convinced of its necessity (he never could be so convinced when anything was disagreeable to him), and even if he had been—but that is a subject, perhaps, into which it is better not to go.

Life is a sacred thing to many natures which never take into consideration matters that alone make it worth the living. We may use no daggers, and yet drain from every vein of those about us the only true life-blood—happiness, affection, hope. It is an operation that is going on every day in the most respectable households; and, to do them justice, without the knowledge—at all events the full knowledge—of the operators. But the patients are very conscious of it, save where at the last indifference and despair proffer themselves as anesthetics.

It was twenty years ago since Christopher Melburn had led his second bride to the altar. He had been a widower for the same space of time; but though the bridegroom was middle-aged, a handsomer pair had never been seen in Downshire since his previous nuptials. The bride, though of good family, had little or no fortune; but her youth and beauty were justly held to have made up for that deficiency: though not a love-match in the usual acceptation of the term, it could not be called a marriage of convenience. There was nothing sordid about it, there was no self-sacrifice; and, though the Squire's son might well have objected to a stepmother of his own age, there was apparently no opposition. The happy pair passed their honeymoon in Wales, mostly in a carriage and four. Under such circumstances, existence takes the tint of rose-colour, and Christopher Melburn was just the man to shine in them. Their return to Burrow Hall was accomplished in a carriage and pair, and a silver age succeeded the golden one. In due time came the young family and their expenses, which, added to the heavy loss consequent on that futile attempt to save the country, tried the Squire's purse-strings and his temper severely. Then Mrs. Melburn fell into ill-health, and lost much of that beauty which was her chief attraction in her husband's eyes: this was not only very hard upon him, but seemed a sort of non-fulfilment of her part of the bargain, and he took little pains to conceal his displeasure. The children, pretty and aristocratic-looking, whom he admitted did her credit, failed and died, to his extreme annoyance, and even the one that survived fell somehow short of what he expected of her.

Mary was fair as a lily but almost as fragile, she was not the companion that he had pictured to himself she would have been to him in his walks and drives; moreover, and this he resented more than all, she ranged herself upon her mother's side, which (so far had matters

gone by this time) was equivalent to antagonism. It was true that Jefferson—now a Major in the Dragoons—had not so ranged himself; his attitude, as regards his step-mother had, to all outward appearances, been always strictly neutral; but the Squire was not upon the best of terms with his son. There had been college debts, and other debts, though not of a very serious character, for if the young man's military career had not been brilliant, it had not been expensive. Even these outgoings had ceased; but the Squire had an uneasy suspicion that the Major was not living within his allowance, but had borrowed money in anticipation of his own demise.

This idea was wormwood to the Squire. The very notion of death was as objectionable to him as it was to Louis XIV.; but that such an event should be speculated upon was treason. That Jefferson did not marry, and thereby repair the family fortunes, had at one time been another source at first of disappointment and afterwards of disquietude with the Squire. But that source of worry had long been dry.

Fortunately, Mary's fortune was in the way of being assured. Mr. Winthrop, one of the magnates of Downshire, was understood to be her suitor, though he was not as yet her betrothed. His habits were a little dissipated, but doubtless he would have sown his wild oats before he became a married man. Such a connection was in every way desirable, and would strengthen the Squire's position in the county. But even in this matter there was a hitch. Mary did not give the young gentleman the encouragement he had the right to expect, and when paternal pressure was exercised, escaped from it on plea of ill-health, and sought sanctuary in her mother's sick-room. The Squire had no grounds for asserting that his wife connived at her daughter's disobedience, but he suspected it, and this filled his cup of bitterness almost to overflowing. For years the rift between them had been gradually widening, and they had long ceased to have bed or board in common, for though Mrs. Melburn would, on special occasions, take her place at the head of his table, she was generally unequal to the exertion, and took her meals in her own apartments and alone. It was under these circumstances that a companion under the title of governess had become absolutely necessary for Mary Melburn.

Such being the state of affairs at Burrow Hall, it may well be wondered at that its mistress should, as she herself had expressed it, "have done her best," or indeed, made any effort, to bring about an excursion to Germany (or anywhere else), tête-à-tête with her lord and master, and indeed it has already been hinted that she had not suggested the idea to the family doctor upon her own account. The truth was, that Fate had dealt with Mrs. Melburn in such a fashion that she no longer lived for herself at all. When I read in the works of certain philosophers that self-interest is the sole spring of human actions, it seems to me that they are colour-blind; at all events, they are quite unable to recognise that neutral tint in which so many natures, especially those of women, become steeped, through adverse circumstances in later life. Indifferent to pleasure and inured to woe, they drag their lengthening chain, until the Great Deliverer sets them free; but of any turn in Fortune's wheel in their favour in this world they well know there is no hope. Though no longer sensitive to the blows of Fate themselves, they are often vulnerable enough in the person of some beloved object, whom it is their one solicitude with all their scanty power to shield from harm. In Mrs. Melburn's case this object was her daughter. It would have been a small thing to say that she would have died for her: unloved, save by her alone; unhappy, with flagging strength and failing breath, Death had small terrors: she was ready to do far more than die—to live for Mary. All her thoughts, and there were many, were concentrated upon this point; all her intelligence, and it was considerable, was sharpened to this end. And in the meantime, not a duty was neglected. From her sofa she superintended and directed all domestic matters with marvellous skill; and though the means at her disposal were by no means ample, there was no house better looked after in Downshire—none where guests were made more comfortable, or dinners better served—than that of the master of Burrow Hall. Notwithstanding his frequent reflection that he was very hardly treated as regarded matrimonial matters, there were even some people who were of opinion that, after all, he had not made such a bad bargain.

Of the personal appearance of Mrs. Melburn and her daughter nothing need be said, since we shall presently have the opinion of an independent witness upon that point; but while the mistress of the house is being transferred from her bed to her sofa we may give a word or two to Miss Elizabeth Dart, if only in explanation of the extraordinary behaviour of the two gentlemen who had reconnoitred her from behind the blind. That she was most unexpectedly good-looking may be taken for granted; and, indeed, anything more different from the fancy portrait that Mr. Melburn had drawn of her, it would be difficult to imagine. That she was tall and shapely could be seen as she sat in the open carriage; but when she stepped out of it and threw back her veil, she displayed a countenance of really quite exceptional beauty. Her complexion was dark, almost to olive colour, but with the blood showing through it in a manner that is seldom seen out of Spain; her eyes were dark, but soft; her hair was jet black, but swept so abruptly off her forehead that it was impossible to judge of its abundance. The expression of her face, which, to match with the rest of her appearance, should have been haughty, was, on the contrary, modest almost to timidity; nevertheless, it was very far from insipid or wanting in self-reliance, and the glance she cast about her on her new surroundings was full of intelligence and observation.

"Miss Dart, for Mrs. Melburn," was her remark to the butler when he opened the door to her, delivered in gentle but very distinct tones; it was a sentence that she had well considered, and yet of the propriety of which she was not quite certain—she thought it sounded too much like a message from the Parcel Delivery Company; but it had, at all events, the desired effect of dissociating her, in the butler's mind, from an ordinary visitor.

"If you will wait one minute, Miss, you shall be shown up to my mistress's room," was his reply.

She remained standing in the hall, while the man rang a hand-bell which produced Mrs. Melburn's maid. There was a short colloquy between the two domestics, and then, with a clumsy word or two of explanation, the new arrival was shown into the breakfast-room. She knew that Mrs. Melburn was an invalid, and guessed at the true state of affairs pretty accurately; still, any delay when we are in a state of anxiety and suspense increases our discomfort. It was with a beating heart, though her face showed nothing of perturbation, that Elizabeth Dart found herself alone. She had never been in so fine a house before, nor even sat in a private carriage; but her mind was of a cast on which mere externals, though they by no means escaped her observation, made little or no impression. With many persons who use the phrase "carriage people," the former part of the word dominates the latter; but with this young lady humanity came first and its surroundings afterwards. She had only one friend in the world, and she was a hundred miles away; and the question she naturally asked herself was "What sort of people have I come to dwell



amongst?" This problem, of which nothing was known to her, absorbed her wholly. Her natural powers of perception, however, took in not only the fact that the room was handsomely furnished, and with great taste, but its appearance in every particular; she noticed the landscapes on the walls as well as the statuettes on the brackets, the church tower that showed itself through the trees, and the shrubbery on which the window looked: this was a gift which exercised itself mechanically, and of the possession of which she herself was only half conscious. But her ears were listening for footsteps, and her mind in somewhat shrinking expectation of what sort of person they would bring with them. In a minute or so the door opened, and, as is usual under such circumstances, gave to her view an individual entirely different from him she had pictured to herself. Instead of the invalid lady she had looked for, appeared a military-looking gentleman of middle age, tall and very strongly built, with a bronzed, handsome face, a pair of long tawny moustaches, and bold eyes. Their boldness, however (which was, after all, only characteristic of his martial profession), vanished from them the instant they rested upon her, and was succeeded by a gentle and respectful glance.

"A thousand pardons," he murmured, as she rose to meet him. "I was not aware that anyone was here. I beg you will sit down."

"I regret to hear—that is, I was given to understand—that Mrs. Melburn is less well this afternoon than usual."

"Yes; it is, I am sorry to say, one of her bad days. You had a pleasant journey, I hope, from town."

"Thank you; yes."

"You must have found this March wind cold, however, coming over the downs; they should have sent the closed carriage for you."

"Indeed, I was quite comfortable, and enjoyed the drive exceedingly. I have never been on downs before."

"One must be upon them on horseback, however, for their thorough enjoyment."

"That would be a still more novel experience to me," she said, smiling. "Miss Melburn is a good horsewoman, no doubt?"

"Pretty well; it will probably be the one thing that we poor ignoramuses will be in a position to teach you."

The compliment was a little pronounced; but, coming from her employer (for she had no suspicion that she was addressing anyone else), it sounded kind.

"I am afraid I know very few things," she said, quietly; "hardly enough to teach me how little I do know."

"That is beyond me," returned her companion, gently, smoothing his moustaches. "You must be prepared to find us all exceedingly slow of comprehension. I think it's the Downshire air. By-the-by, have they offered you no refreshment?"

He moved to the fire-place and touched the bell-handle, without, however, drawing it out.

"Indeed, Mr. Melburn, I do not need it," she said, hurriedly. "I had some tea at the junction."

"And very bad it was, I'll answer for it. Their tea no more comes from China than their teacups."

"Fortunately, I am not much of a connoisseur in tea," she answered, smiling.

"I dare say you despise all creature comforts," he said, gravely. "That is the way with all you intellectual people."

"But, indeed, I am not so intellectual as all that," she answered, naively; whereupon they both broke into a little laugh. In the middle of it the door opened and revealed a young lady so slight and tall, and with such a look of amazement on her pretty face, that she might have stood for a note of admiration. That she had brown hair and eyes, with very delicate features, was conveyed to Elizabeth Dart at the first glance, but the pained astonishment in every lineament of the newcomer's was so marked, that nothing else for the moment impressed itself on her.

On her late companion, however, it produced no effect whatever; he even had his laugh out as though no such interruption had occurred, and then duly observed, "Better late than never, Miss Mary. Let me introduce you to Miss Dart, whose acquaintance I have had the good fortune to be the first of us to make."

"I am very sorry," said Miss Melburn (the phrase seemed to be somehow retrospective, instead of referring, as was intended, to the words that were to follow), "but mamma was in the act of getting up when you arrived, which prevented my coming down at once to welcome you."

It was a pretty speech enough, and delivered in the gentlest tone; but to the sensitive ear which it addressed it wanted genuineness, or rather it seemed as though the genuineness which it should by rights have possessed had been wrung out of it. She held out her hand at the same time, but there was a stiffness in the action, and what was worse, a stiffness that misbecame it, as though formality was not habitual to her. "Will you kindly come with me up-stairs?" she added.

With a bow to her supposed employer, which he acknowledged by a cheerful "Au revoir, Miss Dart," the governess followed her pupil into the hall. That something was wrong somewhere, she was convinced, and she had a strong suspicion that she was held to blame for it, but of its nature she was wholly ignorant.

To feel that upon the very threshold of one's new life one has made a false step is a most discouraging reflection, and though Elizabeth Dart had as brave a spirit as ever dwelt in woman, her heart sank low within her.

(To be continued.)

From the annual Volunteer returns, it appears that the fifty regiments in the home district show an increase of nearly two thousand men, with a corresponding improvement in efficiency.

The most important innovations in Mr. J. Jackson's *Practical Arithmetic on an Entirely New Method* (London: Blackie) is the dethronement of the old and valued rules of subtraction and proportion. In the place of the former Mr. Blackie would have us learn the rule of "incremental or complementary addition," which, however simple it may be to those who are able to carry on a mental process without the aid of their fingers, presents certain difficulties to the infant mind. We must protest, too, against the very delusive advantages which he claims for his contracted or abbreviated method of solving arithmetical problems. There is, of course, no denying that when a student can be brought to do half a computation in his head there is an enormous economy of figures on his slate. Brains are an excellent substitute for both pen and pencil, but unfortunately they do not prove of universal growth on the benches of an elementary or even of a secondary school. Mr. Jackson's system, in the hands of a patient teacher, surrounded by eager and sympathetic scholars, might save both an infinity of trouble and vexation; but for the ordinary run of children we hardly see escape through his aid from the oft-repeated, heartfelt lament of the British child:—

Multiplication is vexation,  
Division is as bad;  
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,  
And Practice drives me mad.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ASTRAGALUS (Ramleh).—You have overlooked that after the moves you suggest 1. Kt to Q 2nd (ch), K takes B; 2. P to Q Kt 4th (ch), Black can now take the Pawn en passant, with the Pawn at his R 5th.

F. M. (Prague).—Many thanks for the original problem by M. Pospisil. We think highly of it, and it shall have early publication.

J. R. M. (Manchester).—We do not like a two-move problem the solution of which opens with a capture. In any case, there is a second solution to your problem by way of 1. P to Kt 4th (ch) and 2. Kt to Q square dis. ch, mating.

R. M. (Wexford).—Thanks for your second letter. The problem, however, lacks point, and is too easy for our readers.

C. F. S. (St. John's, N.B.).—Both are excellent, and very acceptable. One shall appear next week. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2175 received from J. H. Thomas (R.N.), J. Coonan, Dublin; George J. Veale; of No. 2176 from R. S. Sumner, J. H. Thomas (R.N.), J. Coonan; of No. 2177 from Fred Maccafee, R. S. Sumner, T. G. (W. re), W. H. D. Henvey, New Forest, E. L. G. B. H. C. (Salisbury), J. Coonan, T. Roberts, J. H. Tamisier, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Hernit, George J. Veale, and E. J. Posno (Harrlem).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2178 received from C. Darragh, H. Wardell, Ben Nevis, C. M. O., J. Hall, L. Wyman, E. S. Junior, R. Tweddell, Hereward, Rev. F. A. Bright, T. Sinclair, L. L. Greenaway, John O. Bremner, J. K. (South Hampstead), B. E. Wood, O. T. Salisbury, Joseph Kent, W. R. Baillem, W. B. Smith, Lewis Nathan, E. Casella (Paris), Armin Josephat (Hamburg), Jupiter Junior, Richard Murphy (Wexford), G. W. Law, T. Roberts, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, G. R. Cox, A. G. Hunt, F. Marshall, Commander W. T. Martin (R.N.), E. J. Winter Wood, W. Hugh Evans, Nerina, J. Alois Schmucke, T. Marshall (Carlisle), E. L. G. L. Falcon (Antwerp), E. P. Dr. A. R. (Rotherham), W. Hillier, S. Bullen, W. H. D. Henvey, Shadforth, E. Elsbury, T. G. (Ware), E. Louden, E. E. H. N. S. Harris, George Gouge, G. Morland Day, Dabbshill, E. Featherstone, L. Desanges, A. W. Scruton, George J. Veale, J. H. Tamisier, "Statue Belliard" Chess Club (Brussels), William Miller, John F. Wilkinson, (R.A.), Otto Fulder, W. H. M. (Nottingham), R. H. Brooks, F. Pennington, C. Oswald, Submarine (Dover), and R. L. Southwell.

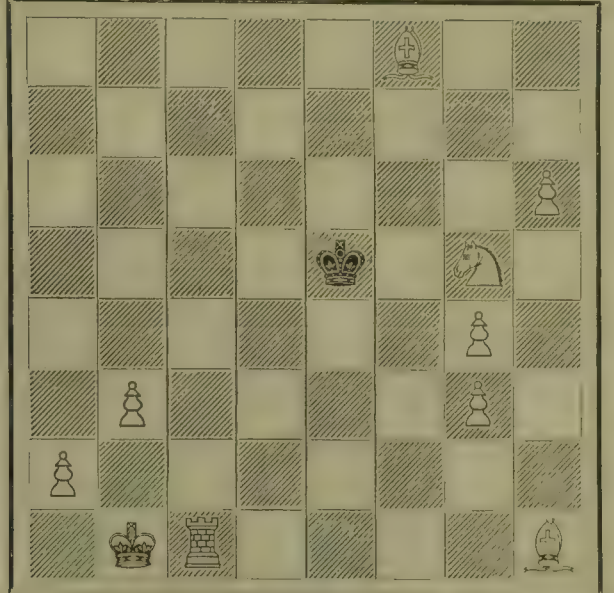
NOTE.—Only communications received up to Dec. 24 are acknowledged in this Number.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.	
No. 2174.	No. 2176.
WHITE. BLACK.	WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to K 5th K to K 5th	1. R to Q R 4th P moves
2. Q to K Kt 6th (ch) K moves	2. B to Kt 4th (ch) Any move
3. Mates accordingly.	3. Mates accordingly.
No. 2175.	No. 2177.
WHITE. BLACK.	WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K 6th P takes B	1. Kt to Q R 6th P to K B 6th
2. Q to Kt 7th (ch) K moves	2. Kt to Q B 5th (ch) K moves
3. Mates accordingly.	3. Kt mates
The variations present no difficulty.	
If Black play 1. K to Q 4th, White continues with 2. B to B 3rd (ch), &c.	

PROBLEM No. 2180.

By W. BIDDLE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played at the Copenhagen Chess Club, M. WEILBACH, sans voir, against two other Amateurs in consultation.

Allgater Gambit.	
WHITE (M. W.)	BLACK (Allies).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
5. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th
6. Kt to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd
7. Kt takes K B P	K takes Kt
8. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd
9. Q B takes P	Kt to K B 3rd
a. B to Kt 2nd is better here.	
WHITE (M. W.)	BLACK (Allies).
10. B to B 4th (ch)	K to K sq
11. Castles	Kt to K R 4th
This gives the blindfold player the chance of a pretty coup, of which he promptly takes advantage.	
12. B to K Kt 5th	P takes B
13. B to B 7th (ch)	K to K 2nd
14. Kt to Q 5th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
15. Q takes P. Mate.	

We regret to announce the death of Herr Ernest Falkbeer, at Vienna, after a few weeks' illness. Herr Falkbeer will be remembered by our elder chessplayers as a conspicuous figure in the London chess world from 1856 to 1864. He came to this country in the first-mentioned year, and soon made his mark in matches against the leading London amateurs of that time. He afterwards conducted, with marked ability, a chess column in the *Sunday Times* for several years, and was a constant contributor to the *Chessplayers' Chronicle*, revived under Lowenthal, and to the *Chessplayers' Magazine*. In 1860 he translated into English, and published in London, Max Lange's "Sketch from the Chess World," a valuable work, which comprised all the games played in matches by Paul Morphy during his visit to Europe in 1858. Herr Falkbeer was a great favourite with the younger chessplayers of a quarter of a century ago, his amiable manners and extensive knowledge of the game commanding their admiration and respect. We shall endeavour, next week, to do full justice to the memory of the great chessplayer, who has gone from among us at the comparatively early age of sixty years.

Unfortunately, the time seems to have passed for such a publication as *Miscellanies*: by William Maginn, edited by R. W. Montagu (Sampson Low and Co.); for it is to be feared that Dr. Maginn's fame or notoriety was ephemeral, that his memory is not very widely cherished, that he belonged to a kind of literary gentleman which is not quite extinct perhaps, which indeed spasmodic attempts are made from time to time to resuscitate and popularise, but which has ceased to excite interest or sympathy among any considerable section of the public. That Dr. Maginn was a scholar and a wit, there is no denying; but his scholarship and his witticisms, as a general rule, were not of the sort which is highly appreciated at the present day. Even as a combined scholar and wit, he is not to be mentioned in the same breath with Porson; yet Porson himself, perhaps, has lost, rather than gained, in general estimation by lapse of time. It is not a very hopeful task, then, for anybody who tries to rekindle the enthusiasm which may once have been felt for Dr. Maginn as a scholar and a brilliant writer on topics of the day, a decidedly "beery" wit, and a somewhat ruffianly politician and critic. In the two volumes under consideration there are indisputable proofs of Dr. Maginn's excellent intellectual and literary qualities, which, however, would scarcely have gone down with our age, or have acquired for him a very distinguished position in letters. As for the Grantley Berkeley case, which, of course, is pulled out again, most readers will come to the conclusion that Dr. Maginn certainly does not come at all well out of it, that his review supplied an excellent reason for thrashing somebody, and that the only matter for regret is the hasty brutality which caused poor Mr. Fraser to be taken as "whipping boy" in the place of Dr. Maginn.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 3, 1881), with a codicil (dated July 18, 1885), of the Right Hon. Richard Monckton, Baron Houghton, late of Great Houghton, Yorkshire, who died at Vichy, France, on Aug. 10 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by Lord Houghton, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator gives legacies to his daughters, sister, grandson, god-children, and others; and all his real estate and the residue of the personalty to his only son, Robert Offley Ashburton, the present Lord Houghton.

The will (dated May 2, 1884), with three codicils (two dated Nov. 4, 1884, and one Sept. 8, 1885), of Mr. James Fletcher, late of Woolton Hill, near Liverpool; of Rosehaugh, in the counties of Ross and Cromarty; and of Letham Grange and Fearn, in the county of Forfar, who died on Oct. 1 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by James Douglas Fletcher and Fitzroy Charles Fletcher, the sons, the Hon. Sir Archibald Leven Smith, Charles John Fletcher, the nephew, and Thomas Irvine, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £1,394,000. The testator bequeaths £50,000, upon trust, for his son Edward Stephen, for life; £60,000, upon trust, to pay £600 per annum to his daughter, Mrs. Constance Maud Hope, for life, and subject thereto for her only child, his granddaughter, Violet Hope; £500 to the Northern Infirmary, Inverness; £2000 for such of the charitable institutions of Liverpool as his trustees may think most eligible; £2000, upon trust, to establish a bursary at one of the Scottish Universities for a boy or boys from Killin School, Rosehaugh, parish of Avoch, or from the parish school of Avoch; £2000 to establish a bursary at one of the Scottish Universities, to be called the "Fletcher Bursary," for the most distinguished pupil at the Academy of the city of Elgin; and numerous legacies to relatives, trustees, clerks, servants, and others. His property at Woolton Hill he gives to his son James Douglas; and the furniture, pictures, movable effects, horses and carriages there to his son Fitzroy Charles; Rosehaugh and his properties in the counties of Ross and Cromarty are strictly entailed on his son James Douglas, and he is to have the use of the furniture, pictures, plate, live and dead farming stock, and movables at Rosehaugh. The Letham Grange property, in the county of Forfar, and £30,000, which his trustees are directed to lay out in the purchase of land in the same county, are strictly entailed on his son Fitzroy Charles; he is also to have the use of the furniture, plate, pictures, movables, and live and dead farming stock. If he has not done so in his lifetime, his trustees are, at the expense of his estate, to complete, furnish, and plant the mansion house and grounds at Letham Grange. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his two sons, James Douglas and Fitzroy Charles.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Sheriff of the county of Argyll, of the general trust disposition and settlement, executed Dec. 29, 1880, with three codicils (dated Dec. 29, 1883, and May 7 and July 24, 1884), of Mr. John Campbell, of Possil, who died at Torquay, on Aug. 30 last, granted to William Hugh Murray, John MacLachlan, Thomas Horne, jun., and Archibald Robert Craufurd Pitman, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on Nov. 26, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £80,000.

The will (dated Oct. 27, 1876), with a codicil (executed Oct. 21, 1885), of Mr. Robert Harwood Soutter, late of No. 27, Park-road, Regent's Park, who died on Oct. 22 last, has been proved by Robert Railston Brown, Ernest Soutter, the son, and Charles Whitbourn Empson, the great-nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £48,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to each of his executors other than his said son; and legacies to his female servants. The residue of his real and personal estate, including his stock or property in the Stationers' Company, he leaves, as to one moiety, for his said son; and as to the other moiety, in trust, for his daughter, Eleanor Sarah Soutter.

The will (dated Aug. 25, 1885) of the Rev. Joseph Empson Middleton, Vicar of Belton, Leicestershire, who died on Oct. 4 last, was proved on the 1st ult., by Reginald Empson Middleton, Joseph Pedder Middleton, and Bernard Boswell Middleton, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £34,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever, to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Battey Middleton.

The will (dated April 9, 1885) of Mr. Myles Henry Custance, formerly of Great Russell-street, but late of No. 20, Rue Montroyer, Brussels, who died on Nov. 1 last, was proved in London on Nov. 27 by Henry Arthur Taylor Custance, the son, and Charles Eugène De Champs, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testator bequeaths £6000 to his daughter, Mrs. Alice Louisa Earle; £9000, upon trust, for the children of his late daughter, Mrs. Mary Frances Browne; and legacies to his sister, sons-in-law, nephew, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said son.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1885), with a codicil (dated Sept. 11 following), of Mr. William Boyce James, late of Heathfields, Weybridge, who died on Sept. 30 last, has been proved by Charles Edmond Vickers, the nephew, Aeneas Hippolytus Coffey, and Travers Hume Homan, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator bequeaths £4000, upon trust, for his brother Edmund, for life; £2000, upon trust, for each of his sisters Caroline, Mary, and Julia, for their respective lives; £3000 to the said Aeneas Hippolytus Coffey; and numerous other legacies. The ultimate residue of his property he leaves to the children of Henry Vickers and his sister Sibilla Vickers, in equal shares and proportions.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1884) of Mrs. Ann Johnson, late of No. 10, Addison-crescent, Kensington, who died on Oct. 17 last, has been proved by George Henry Johnson, the husband, and Robert Knight, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testatrix leaves her house in Tokenhouse-yard to her husband, for life, and then to her second cousin, Anne Phelps; and all her other hereditaments to her husband absolutely. As to the residue of her property, including any she has power to dispose of under the wills of her father and mother, she bequeaths thereout £200 to her executor, Mr. Knight; £500 to her said second cousin; and a few other legacies on the death of her husband; subject thereto it is to be held, upon trust, for her husband.

The State apartments of Windsor Castle are open to the public, until further notice, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, between the hours of eleven and three o'clock. The Round Tower of the castle is at present closed.

Professor Geddes has been appointed Principal of Aberdeen University, in room of the late Dr. Pirie. Professor Geddes was appointed, in 1855, to the Greek chair in the University, and he has distinguished himself in the Homeric controversy, his most notable work being a reply to Mr. Gladstone's "Speculations."





LIKE MASTER, LIKE MAN.  
DRAWN BY S. T. DADD.





1. We are mesmerised.  
5. Something to rhyme with poke—"moke."  
9. Our Prima Donna.

2. Our Captain.  
6. Table-turning.  
10. Our servants strike for higher wages.

7. Our Colonel.  
3. Something to rhyme with ball—"Paul."  
11. Our Nawab.

4. Dumb Charades: something to rhyme with shirt—"dirt."  
8. Our Pianist.  
12. How we come up the ghaut: a tonga.

AMUSEMENTS AT AN INDIAN HILL STATION,



## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

It is not everybody's lot, as the Greeks used to say, to get to Corinth; nor is it everybody's lot to become acquainted with Mr. Motley's brilliant work concerning the Netherlands. And, even if that work were within everybody's reach, yet, since it was published, there have been fresh discoveries, new lights (such as are to be found in the late Sir W. S. Maxwell's elaborate monograph on Don John, of Austria) thrown upon various parts of the main subject; so that, for many reasons, a welcome should be given to the single manageable volume, entitled *A Short History of the Netherlands*, by Alexander Young (T. Fisher Unwin), wherein the author seems to have availed himself of all the latest aids, without renouncing his right of independent judgment. Netherlands, in this case, includes, of course, Belgium as well as Holland; and, for English readers especially, both those now independent kingdoms must always have a peculiar interest; for Belgium had for King a Prince who almost gave us a Royal dynasty, and Holland gave us a King, as well as many a good thrashing at the hands of Van Tromp and De Ruyter. Moreover, there is the constant fear lest Germany should absorb, not only the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, but also Holland itself; and that fear invests the Netherlands with additional fascination in the eyes of Englishmen. The volume is stated to be "fully illustrated," and so indeed it is. But the illustrations have a curiously familiar appearance; and, unless memory has played a more than usually delusive trick upon this occasion, they—or many, if not most of them—were originally used to illustrate the late M. Guizot's "History of France." Consequently, a strange sensation is caused when one comes upon the sort of transformation which seems to have taken place (p. 19) when an illustration which was supposed to represent "Vercingetorix before Caesar," in the "History of France" (if memory be not delusive), is made to do duty for a "Batavian Cavalryman." At any rate, there is no "Batavian grace" about the "Cavalryman"; there is grace, but it is Gallic. As for the illustration (p. 547) representing "Descartes at Amsterdam," and as for others too numerous to mention, if they did not appear first of all in M. Guizot's history, then there is no such thing as remembrance. Let there be no misunderstanding, however; the illustrations are excellent, for the most part, and it is a pleasure to meet them again. They were, no doubt, honestly come by; and, that being so, there is no reason why they should not serve any purpose to which they can be honestly applied.

Unusual opportuneness distinguishes the publication of *Footsteps of Jeanne d'Arc*: by Mrs. Florence Caddy (Hurst and Blackett), inasmuch as "the Maid" has been threatened in these latter days with canonisation. So great is the revolution that may take place in course of time, she who is commonly believed to have been burned as a sorceress in a past age, is now in a fair way to be added, by authority, to the number of the saints. In any case, however, a great deal of interest would have appertained to this large volume, which contains an account of a "pilgrimage" (as it is called) made by an enthusiastic soul over the ground supposed to have been actually traversed by the heroine to whom perhaps King Charles VII. of France owed his boastful title of "Le Victorieux." The account is written in a spirit and style appropriate to the enthusiasm with which the "pilgrimage" was undertaken; and it can hardly be necessary to say that both geographically and historically the writer's route was a most interesting one. To make that route clear and easily followed, there is a map with red lines to guide the eye; and there is an appendix full of information about the "bibliography of Jeanne d'Arc," though, of course, the table is not exhausted. Enough should now have been said to whet appetite, and to render readers eager to "set on." At any rate, this is not the place, even if it were not rather too late in the day, to enter upon the still disputed question about the character of "the Maid," and about her ultimate fate—whether she perished in the flames, or got back safe to Domrémy and married one Robert Des Armoise.

Gossip of the kind that is so delightful to the desultory reader fills the two hundred and odd pages of *Berlin Society*: by Count Paul Vasil (Sampson Low and Co.), a collection of letters written by a well-known Russian for the *Nouvelle Revue*, apparently, in the first instance, and translated from French into English either by the pseudonymous Count or by some anonymous representative of him (or her). The letters contain more or less truthful descriptions and anecdotes relating to various more or less august, or distinguished, or interesting personages, all more or less prominent in the social circles of Berlin, such as the Emperor William, the Empress Augusta, the Crown Prince, the Crown Princess (our own Princess Royal, who is represented as a "universal genius"), Prince Bismarck, the late Lord Ampthill (Odo Russell), and other members of the Diplomatic Body, and, in fact, the very persons about whom the ordinary reader is glad to obtain any sort of information, whether absolutely true or only "well invented." In the present instance, the informant may be considered to be a more than usually trustworthy authority, and he (or she) certainly conveys information in a more than usually effective style.

## AS IF BY MAGIC!

The "Whitehall Review" contains the following, relative to a discovery of American origin, which is just now causing considerable stir throughout Great Britain:—"The same has such a direct bearing upon human happiness that it has been made the subject of considerable comment and investigation on the part of various newspapers. As it is claimed that, by the discovery in question, an absolute specific has been found for the cure of certain most distressing ailments with which the human family is afflicted, and which have thus far baffled medical skill; and as these diseases, in their most aggravated forms, are very prevalent in our moist and chilly climate, a representative of this journal was commissioned to investigate the remedy by personal interview with the parties who could speak from actual experience. From the results, as given below, it may well be claimed that the general adoption of this remarkable remedial agent will cause a revolution in the treatment of these painful complaints.

♣ "The first gentleman interviewed was Mr. William Howes, the well-known civil engineer, No. 68, Red Lion-street, High Holborn, London, who, it was learned, had made some personal experiments with the preparation in question. Mr. Howes stated that for over twenty years he had been constantly and severely afflicted with rheumatism. At times his hands had been swollen to twice their natural size. Again, his joints became so stiff and painful that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear his weight on them. He had at different times tried physicians, and many remedies which had been recommended to him as a cure for his complaints. But he derived no benefit whatever. An acquaintance, who had himself been cured of a severe rheumatic trouble, gave him a bottle of this new discovery, which he applied once, with such unexpected and marked benefit that he procured another, which, to use his own language, 'settled the business,' by removing the pain which he had not been free from for twenty years. Mr. Howes said that had he not used St. Jacobs Oil—the remedy referred to—he would now be in bed instead of attending to his business. He added, 'Its effects were simply magical. It produced a complete cure. I will also add that numerous friends and

Whitewashing is very much in fashion just now; and a specimen of that art is furnished in the two volumes entitled *The Brontë Family*: by Francis A. Leyland (Hurst and Blackett), wherein the author has collected together certain biographical details "with special reference to Patrick Branwell Brontë," who has generally been regarded as "the scape-grace of the family." The conclusion at which most readers are likely to arrive is that poor Patrick, whom the author considers to have been grossly maligned, was a very "bad lot," indeed; but that, as is commonly said of the Evil One himself, he was not so black—not quite so black, but very nearly—as he has been painted. No doubt, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Robinson, and others, have made statements which ought not to have been made, and which, perhaps, there was no ground for making; they have not exactly painted the lily and adorned the rose; but, on the contrary, they have exerted themselves to paint the Ethiopian's skin. Still, when their superfluous jappanning has undergone a counteracting process, the pristine hue remains black enough in all conscience. As for Mr. Branwell's genius, possibly he had more than all the rest of the family put together; but what of that? He made little or no use of it. Possibly it was he who really wrote "Wuthering Heights"; but what of that? It may serve as further proof of his wasted genius, but it removes not a single speck from his character. What is most to be regretted is that members of a clever family cannot publish clever and wonderfully successful novels, in this age of literary competition and insatiable curiosity, without being taken in hand, during life or after death, by writers of all degrees, who insist upon having a finger in the pie, upon holding on by the prodigies' skirts, upon dragging the prodigies' personalities into publicity, and upon washing the prodigies' dirty linen before the face of a gaping multitude, and so stirring up other writers to come forward, with the best possible intentions and endeavours, to convince the world, which does not care twopenny about it, that one particular prodigy's linen was really not so dirty as it was represented to be. If Branwell Brontë had been the author of "Jane Eyre," or even the indisputable author of "Wuthering Heights," he might have been worth two volumes of whitewash; but he having been only who he was and what he was, so much whitewash, especially when it produces so little effect, is somewhat extravagant expenditure.

There should be no need to recommend—it should be enough to merely mention—a new and very handy edition of *James Nasmyth*: an autobiography, edited by Samuel Smiles, LL.D. (John Murray), embellished with a portrait and numerous illustrations, and furnished with the ever invaluable index. Of such a book, wrought by two such men, one autobiographer and the other editor, it should suffice to say, imitating, paraphrasing, or parodying the well-known line of Catullus: "Read it, ye who never read it; ye who've read it, read again."

## AMUSEMENTS AT AN INDIAN HILL STATION.

A Correspondent in India has furnished the Sketches of a variety of impromptu pastimes extemporised for the diversion of English visitors at an hotel in the hill region; but these entertainments are not very different from such as may occasionally be got up in English country houses. The presence of two gallant military officers, the Captain and the Colonel, the former in uniform, and that of a good-looking native gentleman, the Nawab, may give a dash of extra piquancy to the social enjoyment; and we are reminded, by the drawing of the two-horse vehicle, how these ladies and gentlemen travelled up the ghaut, or hillside, from the plains. But a special feature of Anglo-Indian domestic life, in the character and habits of the native servants, both men and women, is represented by the formidable array in which they stand as petitioners for an increased rate of wages. The personal and household attendants of an English family with any pretensions to gentility, living in India, are required to be very numerous, as the rules of caste forbid each to render more than one special kind of service. There must be the "khitmutgar," or footman; the "bawarchi," or cook; the "khansama," or butler; the "masalchi," or scullion; the "bheestee," or water-carrier; the "dhoobi," or washer; the "ayah," or female nurse; with grooms, valets, coachman, doorkeeper, sweeper, and other menials, to the number of twenty or thirty. The monthly wages of such an establishment would be nearly £20, but they mostly have to purchase food for themselves. Even in travelling and staying at hotels, it is impossible to do without a few private attendants. Ordinary life in India, therefore, involves a good deal of management in dealing with the people, in which some of our countrywomen become very expert. It is pleasant to see that they have still the energy, at least in the hills, to amuse themselves and their companions with acted charades, dumb crambo, mock mesmerism, piano-forte playing, and singing, much as they would do in England, or as the company accidentally gathered at a Swiss hotel, or on board a passenger steam-ship, may sometimes do; for it is never worth while to be dull and stupid, where people can harmlessly join in some lively pastime.

## LIKE MASTER, LIKE MAN.

The shrewd and witty jesters, "Clowns," or "Fools," of Shakspeare are not only an abiding type of social manners among our ancestors in what has been called "Merry England of the Olden Time," but suggest also the sentiment of ironical, half-compassionate toleration of human foibles, in the example of such clever fellows willingly assuming the character of roguish imbeciles, and belying their real wisdom for the amusement of their superiors in rank. Any one of them may be supposed to cherish at heart the private consciousness of his own sagacity, and in some degree the valour of manhood, though for the sake of meat and smart clothes, of lodging and regular wages, he condescends to play the Fool, and submits to contemptuous treatment. We can readily imagine such a personage, as he is shown in our Artist's drawing, with a favourite dependant of his own, a sportive monkey, rehearsing the airs of patronage, and conversing with his inferior, Jocko, in the same tone of good-natured derision to which he may have been accustomed from the lordly employer of his own services; and the moralising reflections of Touchstone or Costard upon this occasion would be as good as Launcelot Gobbo's discourse to his dog. In this instance, there seems to be a little difference of opinion about the propriety of drinking any more wine; the man holds the flagon, but the monkey has got the glass, and is quite capable of breaking it, if provoked. The master has to try the effect of coaxing and persuasion.

At the annual distribution of prizes at King's College School last week, Dr. Stokoe, the Head Master, defended the authorities of the institution from the censure passed on them in connection with the recent inquiry there; and the Bishop of London, who presided, expressed sympathy with the council. His Lordship observed that the school was well known all over England, and was making its mark year after year. After the presentation, three recitations from plays were given by the boys.

Books about "John Chinaman" are by no means few, but we do not remember any volume that treats principally of the life led by our countrymen in the Celestial Empire. *English Life in China*, by Major Henry Knollys (Smith, Elder), amply supplies this deficiency. The author is a thoughtful writer, an acute observer, and has the art of presenting what he sees in a form eminently attractive. Anyone who is drawn to the work by the title will, we venture to say, read the volume through, for it is full of incident and anecdote, and presents a vivid picture of English life in the far East. Hong-Kong is a flourishing colony, so flourishing, indeed, that it contributes £20,000 a year towards the expenses of the garrison, and its wealth and trade have assumed enormous proportions; but the island is not a pleasant residence. The heat is intense, and it is of that damp, unwholesome kind which takes the life out of Englishmen. In the day it is a misery to move, and at night, in spite of mosquito curtains and wide open doors and windows, rest is often impossible. There are other enemies to enjoyment—cockroaches and spiders of an enormous size abound; ants fly into the rooms by swarms and leave their wings, perhaps, on the dining-room table; while the mosquito is at work by day as well as by night. Moreover, as everything is done for you by the native servants, it is necessary to learn Pidgin English if you would have your wants supplied, and the lesson is not an easy one. In spite of all drawbacks, the greatest being the climate, Hong-Kong flourishes under our rule, and its native population "flies to us from their own misgoverned country as to a haven of rest, justice, and security." At Shanghai, too, British enterprise is equally significant, and Major Knollys was struck with the difference between the English and French settlements, which may be seen side by side in that city. The advantages, he observes, are the same, "yet our success could scarcely be surpassed, their failure scarcely exceeded." At Hankow, again, an enormous city, Englishmen lease a plot of ground 800 yards long and 400 yards broad, and form a small but flourishing community of about fifty men and five or six ladies. There the traveller learnt that tea was the one object of moment in life, "for Hankow is the largest tea market in the world." The tea-taster, who learns his business in London, has not a pleasant life of it, and one "Charsee" stated to Major Knollys that he sometimes had to taste 150 samples in a single morning, and that at the end of the tea-season, which happily does not last above a month, his digestive and nervous functions are completely upset. On the opium trade, the writer expresses himself strongly, and observes that, "to classify the abuse of opium with that of alcohol is clearly preposterous, inasmuch as the influence of opium does not in the smallest degree tend to mania and violence"; and that in China moderation in the use of it is the rule, excess the exception. He allows, however, that if opium-smoking is comparatively harmless, chewing and drinking opium are great and unmitigated evils. From alcohol the Chinese are virtually a nation of abstainers. For information about the natives, as well as about his own countrymen in China, the reader who consults Major Knollys' volume will not, we venture to say, be disappointed.

acquaintances, suffering from rheumatic and neuralgic affections, to whom I recommended the oil, speak of it as wonderful. It seems to effect a cure in every case.

"The name of Mr. C. H. Palmer, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and Overseer of the District of Islington, having been mentioned to the reporter, this gentleman's opinion was sought and cheerfully given in the following language:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs," remarked Mr. Palmer. "After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, and having learned of the signal benefit which several friends, who had been suffering from severe rheumatism, derived from the oil, I procured a bottle, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain. I do not hesitate to recommend it as a most valuable discovery."

"Having seen a card in an Australian paper from the champion sculler, Edward Hanlan (whose matchless performances in England and America won him the title of 'Wizard of the Oar'), in which he strongly endorses this remedy as unequalled for athletes in training, and for speedily curing sprains, bruises, and other bodily pains, several members of the London Athletic Club were interviewed—among them Messrs. Wade and Painter—and it was learned that they also had recently used the oil for such complaints, with most happy results.

"Mr. Harold E. Chapple, Hon. Secretary of the Dalston Havelock Cricket Club, writes as follows:—"I am desired by the above club to express the satisfaction which they have found in the use of St. Jacobs Oil. For the healing of bruises, wounds, sprains, &c., it is undoubtedly of efficient service, and its value should be made known, especially among athletic clubs."

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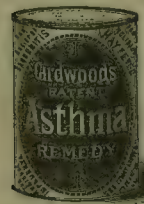


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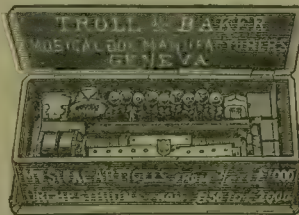
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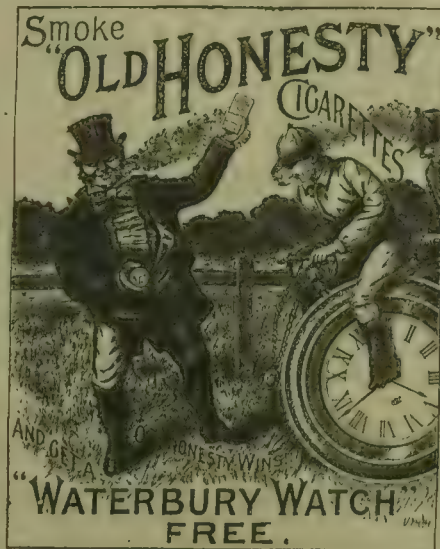
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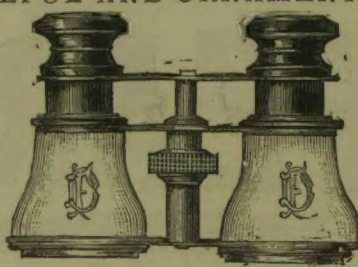
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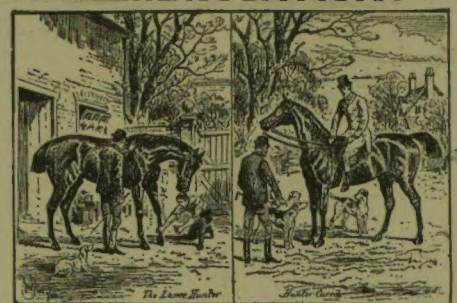
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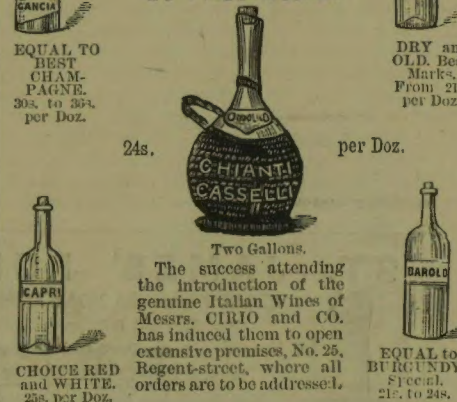
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## GILDEA'S MEDIUM.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

## I.

"Ye-e-e-s, Mr. Gildea; it is certainly like my brother; but there is more soul in Sir James's countenance—er—more, so to speak, artistic feeling."

The elderly lady who was speaking lowered her square eyeglass, with its broad chased mount, and turned to a grey-haired, well-bronzed military-looking man who was stepping down slowly from the dais where he had been sitting for his portrait.

"But the portrait is not yet finished, Madam," said the artist, speaking with a slight air of annoyance.

"Not finished?" cried the sitter, as if he were addressing a squad of recruits. "Hang it all, Sir! You don't expect me to come and turn myself into a wooden image again?"

"There will be no need for further sittings, Sir James," said the artist, with his look of annoyance beginning to be tinged with indignation. "The final touches will be given without the model."

"Hear that, Bella?" cried the old officer, with his stern face becoming jocund; "pretty thing for me to come down to—being an artist's model!"

"Now, my dear James," said the lady, ruffling up, "you know it was necessary that your portrait should be painted."

"Yes; but a photograph would have done. Five minutes, at the outside. If I had known that I was to come and make myself miserable morning after morning here, no painting for me. Well," he added, sharply, "is it like me?"

"Don't you think it is, yourself?"

"Not I. How should I know?"

"Well, it is, dear, very much like you—only it wants soul," said the lady, again using her glass. "And I must say, Mr. Gildea, that I am rather disappointed. You were recommended to me as a young man belonging to the modern school of artists—all soul and refinement; and the portrait is—er—well—er—but there, it is not finished. Perhaps it will be better when it is done."

"Oh, it will do, Mr. Gildea," said the old officer, roughly. "Get it done and dry, and let's have it home to the hotel, and I'll give you your cheque. Don't forget about the frame, and a good packing-case. Mind, we sail on Monday week."

"And the picture must be on board the steamer on the Saturday before. By-the-way, Mr. Gildea, do you think the colours will be fast?"

"Colours fast, Ma'am? I do not understand you."

"I mean, will they bear the climate? Singapore is very hot and damp."

"I use none but the best artists' colours, Madam, and"—

"Come along, Bella," cried the old officer. "I want my lunch horridly. Morning, Mr. Gildea. The picture's right enough. Never mind what she says. Don't you put in too much soul. I don't believe I've got a bit. By George, how hungry I am!"

He went out of the bare-looking studio, thumping down his gold-headed malacca cane, and the lady, after making a distant bow, rustled out after him, leaving the pale, weary-looking young artist to throw himself down in a "property" arm-chair, with a groan of misery and despair.

## II.

A minute's silence fell upon the cold, blank studio as Arthur Gildea sat there, dull-eyed and despondent, gazing at his work; and then the sun came from behind a cloud, and all seemed bright and cheerful.

No; let us be truthful: it was not the sun, but Mary Gildea, who drew aside the faded curtain over the door, and stepped lightly in, bringing with her that warmth, light, and cheer which always accompany a young, sweet-faced, fair-haired, graceful girl.

"Gone, Arthur?" she said; and the sunshine seemed to be accompanied by the singing of birds.

"Gone? Yes," said the young man, wearily. "Curse the picture! I wish I had never begun it."

"Arthur! dear Arthur!"

"I tell you I do. Why am I condemned to this wretched drudgery, and to the insults of that brutal old soldier, and his sneering, self-satisfied old harpy of a sister. Pah! I could drive my fist through the canvas. I was nearly telling them never to expect to hear from me again."

"Arthur, dear, you are ill," said the girl, laying her cheek against his white forehead, and stroking away his long hair as she rested one arm upon his shoulder. "You have been working too hard. There, come and have some dinner; it's all ready."

"I can't eat. Look at that wretched daub."

"I'm sure it is getting on admirably, dear; and just like the old Colonel."

"I tell you it is a miserable, soulless daub; and if we were not next door to starving, I would not finish it!"

"Don't talk like that, Arthur dear; and oh, I wish you would be more hopeful! Some day, people will be glad to buy your pictures, and you will be famous."

"Famous? Pish!"

"Why not, dear? If you could only be more matter-of-fact, instead of striving so much after the impossible. John Beaumont says"—

"Curse John Beaumont! How dare he presume to talk of my works! He—a miserable, sign-painting, teaboard pretender!"

The tears were stealing fast down Mary Gildea's cheeks, but she said no word.

"And, look here!" cried the young man, with nervous petulance; "I will not have him presume to notice you as he does. What does he mean? Does he think I should ever tolerate his pretensions?"

"He has been very kind to us, Arthur," said the girl, softly. "Kind, indeed! Because I consented to let him share my studio, and paint here, he has done nothing but presume upon it, and offer his advice forsooth."

"Be just, Arthur dear," said the girl, tenderly; "you know he has paid the whole of the rent."

"But I have only accepted his help as a loan. As soon as I sell some of my own pictures, I shall pay him back. Mere presumption. What is he? A miserable follower of an effete school, painting wretched, soulless daubs for the dealers—pot-boilers—with no more ambition than there is in a worm."

"But he paints to gain an income, Arthur; and he has more than once told me that if he were independent, he should strive to achieve very different ends."

"Yes, of course; you are taken into his confidence, and all against my wish. I won't have it. He shall not share my studio any longer; and as for you, where is your pride, where is—Just look at that face—no more soul in it than—Eh? What?"

"Getting on capitally, my dear fellow," said a bluff, manly

voice; and the personage referred to as John Beaumont—a quiet, grave-looking man of Arthur Gildea's physique, but some five years older—stood at his elbow, having entered unobserved.

"What do you know about it?" cried Gildea, angrily starting up. "You—a soulless copyist, without genius, without imagination, without—without!"

He reeled, and would have fallen had not the man he so angrily addressed seized him, and helped him back into the chair he had left, while Mary Gildea caught his hand.

"Nothing! Don't! Let me be. I was only giddy. The studio is hot. Will you leave me alone, Mr. John Beaumont? I'm busy. I have this portrait to finish in time. Do you hear—to finish in time. Your—your presence here is a hindrance—Sir James, I shall do my best to make it a worthy artistic composition—refined—in advance of the modern school."

He staggered up, and holding on by one arm of the large chair, continued:

"Rosetti, Madame? Yes; the same inspiration, I hope—as a humble follower—somewhat of the Italian school—perhaps modified by the Spanish—Murillo—the soft warm glow—I—Why is this colour gone? No, dear—I—my palette—ah!—yes, Beaumont—a miserable pretender. My studio shall be—Who's that? Don't. Why are you holding me down?"

No one was holding him down; but John Beaumont and his sister had saved him from a fall as he trailed off in his speech: now speaking wildly, now muttering, and ending by sitting down, staring vacantly before him, and moving one hand feebly as if he were painting.

"Mr. Beaumont—what is it? What shall I do?" panted Mary Gildea.

"Overwork and exhaustion, I'm afraid," was the reply. "What has he had to-day?"

"Nothing—nothing," waived the girl. "He will not listen to me, but is constantly painting when you are not here."

"And now Nature has rebelled," said the other, as if to himself. Then aloud,

"You will not mind being left alone for a few minutes?"

"No—yes—don't leave me," she cried, appealingly.

"Only for a few minutes, Mary," he said, tenderly. "Trust me; I will do my best."

"Yes; I do trust you, Mr. Beaumont; but what are you going to do?"

"Get help," he said, quickly: "a doctor."

"Is it so bad as that?"

"I hope it is not serious," was the reply; "but we must have help and advice."

## III.

"Get him to bed at once. Can you carry him, Mr. Beaumont?"

For answer, John of that name lifted the young artist, and bore him out of the studio, through the curtain which Mary Gildea held aside as she stood looking, pale with terror, at the sudden misfortune that had come upon their little household. She had known plenty of trouble since she had joined her fortunes to her brother's, and kept house for him, and saved and pinched and suffered in a way of which he was ignorant; while he, a sanguine, clever, and somewhat vain man, roused by the little recognition he obtained for his work, toiled on in disappointment and in despair, which had at last, aided by his utter disregard of all efforts to preserve his health, culminated in the serious brain seizure that had now laid him low.

"But his picture—the portrait of Sir James Sampson—that he has to finish within a fortnight," faltered Mary Gildea to the doctor, after hearing his decision and instructions, for the finishing of that portrait meant the money that was absolutely necessary for their wants; and, besides, it was perhaps the commencement, however distasteful to the artist, of a series of such commissions, and the end of the poverty from which they had suffered so long.

"Picture—finish?" said the doctor, smiling; "my dear young lady, with patience and care, I think I can save your brother's life; but he will not be fit to touch a brush for many weeks to come."

Mary's tears were falling silently as she let the doctor out, and as she returned, she cast a despairing look at the florid face of the bluff old Colonel upon the easel—a picture whose progress she had watched so hopefully, for it had meant certain payment, and, she had hoped, happier days for both.

Well; it was only another disappointment, one that it was her lot, she felt, to bear.

Hastily wiping her eyes and assuming a composure she did not feel, she glanced round the studio, and was about to take the canvas down from the easel and turn it with its face to the wall; but she altered her mind and left it where it was, the old Colonel's eyes looking at her good-temperedly from the rough, unfinished face; and for the moment it seemed to her that they laughed at her, twinkling with mirth.

She turned shuddering away, and, passing through the curtained doorway, crossed the little sitting-room, and entered her brother's chamber, where John Beaumont was sitting by the sick man, now sinking into an uneasy sleep, and muttering aloud about the picture all the time.

It was the commencement of a long vigil, or series of watchings, by that couch, and both asked themselves, often enough, what was to be the end?

## IV.

John Beaumont had never told Mary Gildea that he loved, but her womanly instinct had long before supplied the omission; and now she read in his unselfish devotion how true and earnest was the love he bore her. With the most refined delicacy, he set her at rest respecting the cares of a pecuniary nature that troubled her more than she dared own; and her eyes filled many a time and oft as she saw his calm, unswerving devotion to the man who had always assumed to despise him and his powers as an artist.

"It is for my sake," she said to herself as, now by night and now by day he relieved her of the duty of watching by the sick man's couch, as he lay thus, knowing nothing, apparently, but the fact that he had the portrait to finish by a certain day. And of this he was always talking. Night after night, as Mary sat by her brother's side, she shuddered as she heard his excited words, and saw his wild stare, as one hand seemed to hold the palette and the other the brush with which he was continually painting.

It was cruelly painful, too, at times, when he would burst into a fit of derisive laughter, and talk aloud of John Beaumont's soulless work, and of the days when fame would come with fortune.

But if John Beaumont was present, he used to smile calmly enough, and nod encouragingly at Mary.

"Poor fellow! It is not real—only delirium," he would say; and then, with tender, womanly hands, he would apply fresh ice to the burning temples, and rearrange the pillows.

He had a room in the same building, one that had been erected for the accommodation of artists; but he was very seldom there. To Mary Gildea it seemed as if he was untiring; for, though he painted a great deal in the lonely studio, where she never went now, he was always calm and fresh-looking

when he came softly to the sick chamber to bid her go and lie down that he might take her place.

At first she was disposed to resist him, and stay; but his quiet insistence always prevailed; and with the feeling growing hourly stronger that this man was naturally the master to whom she was bound by instinct and the ordinations of fate to do homage, she always obeyed, and but for the feeling of calm restfulness she felt when he was near, and her trust in him that he knew what was right, she would have broken down in her painful, suffering task.

She loved him—she knew she loved him, with a calm, most trustful love, that would make itself heard even in those days of terrible anxiety; and in spite of her devotion to her brother, and her watchful care, there were times when her thoughts would stray to John Beaumont, and then followed a sense of heartache that he should be so silent, and never tell her that she was dear to him.

These were very errant thoughts, for which she blushed in secret, and tried to be more devoted to the suffering man at whose pillow she sat, listening ever to the reiterated wanderings about the picture.

"It is getting on," he would say. "I shall finish it in time. Do you hear, Mary?—in time. Poor John Beaumont—if he could put in a touch like that—or like that! Do you see, girl? Here; it was only a picture! Now it begins to breathe! Look at the light in that eye—the quiver in that lip! It is almost life itself! Who would not be an artist? I mean an artist, Mary—not a mere dauber of canvases with paint."

And so on day after day, till to his sister, as she sat listening to him, it seemed as if he really were painting the picture, and he were making her follow his brush till she saw the work nearly complete.

Then he would drop into one of his uneasy sleeps, and the reaction would come with tears and depressing thoughts, as Mary Gildea looked forward to the recovery and the bitter awakening of her brother to the fact that he had broken his engagement, and there was no handsome cheque to take for the work.

And so the days and nights glided by.

John Beaumont had undertaken to relieve Mary of all business troubles, and to him had been deputed the task of communicating with the Colonel and his sister, as well as many minor details connected with his artistic life. The consequence was, that Mary's sole attention was given to her brother, and she sat and watched and prayed that he might live, though there were times when the doctor's serious countenance sent through her a chill of dread.

## V.

It was the eve of the day when the picture was to be delivered, and, in spite of his delirium, the sick man seemed to know it, and grew more restless. He talked of the frame as if he saw it, praising it for the way in which it set the portrait off. He pointed out how good had been his selection, and how admirably his choice of colours accorded with the gold.

"I shall be done in time," he kept on saying, as his thin hand played about the counterpane. "I hate portraits, Mary; but this is a triumph. Look, dear! is it not life itself? Mary, I shall win fame yet, I know."

That night Mary Gildea, worn out with watching, fell into a deep sleep, and it was broad daylight before she awoke, with a sense of misery and shame that she could not master.

It was no fault of hers. Nature had been too strong for her, and won the mastery; but it was, all the same, with bitter resentment against herself that she started up and gazed at her brother, whose eyes were wide open, and who smiled at her feebly.

"I would not wake you," he said, softly. "Poor child, you seemed so tired. What time is it?"

She told him—ten o'clock.

"I must have had a nap since I went into the studio," he said.

"Since you went into the studio, Arthur!"

"Yes, dear; to satisfy myself that I could do no more. The picture must go home to-day."

"Oh, Arthur, dearest!" sobbed out Mary.

"Hush! you are tired," he said. "So am I. It was hard work to finish it with such a headache as I have had; but the picture is done. Ah! Beaumont, you here?"

"Yes; are you better?"

"Yes, much better. As you are here, will you bring in the portrait? I should like to see it before it goes. I've finished it. Will you see it safely packed and delivered?"

"Yes; of course."

"And—bring the cheque?"

"Of course, old fellow," said John Beaumont, in his calm, grave way; and, quitting the chamber, he went softly to the studio, and returned with the portrait in the frame, and placed it on a chair in a good light.

Mary started up and stood with parted lips, as if petrified, gazing wildly at the *facsimile* of the old soldier—a living, breathing likeness, as it were, of the man himself.

"Ah!" said Arthur Gildea, with a calm sigh of satisfaction; "it was hard work, but I have done it to time. John Beaumont, you'll excuse my pride, but I think the man who painted that may call himself an artist."

"Think so?" said Beaumont, gravely.

"Yes, Sir, I do," said the sick man, feebly. "It was a crude, hard likeness when the last sitting was ended. Look at it now? I have worked at it day by day ever since, and—"

He stopped short, and looked wildly round. He raised his hand, but it fell nervelessly upon the coverlid. He gazed again at the portrait—at his sister—at the quiet, grave man standing at the foot of the bed; and then, uttering a wild cry, he turned his face to the wall, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"Arthur! brother!" cried Mary, bending over him, and placing her arm about his neck.

"A dream, Mary—a wretched dream," he cried, despairingly; "and now, look there!"

A curious look of despair rested upon his face for a few moments, and then passed away as he turned to where Beaumont was watching him, anxiously, but ready to start forward and grasp the trembling, wasted hand feebly extended to him.

"I've been so ill," whispered the sick man. "A lesson, though. God bless you for this! It has been our salvation. Jack, old fellow, I am awake now—can you forgive me—weak, concealed fool that I have been?"

He dropped asleep—the sleep of utter exhaustion—with the brotherly strong hand grasping his; and when, at last, his breath came softly, and with the regular rhythmical rise and fall that told that the fever had passed away, Mary turned her half-wondering careworn face to look in Beaumont's eyes, to see therein a firmer, deeper depth than she had yet dared to seek.

"And you did all this?" she said, softly; "and for his sake?"

"Was it not more for yours?" he whispered, as he took her in his arms. "Mary—my very own."





THE WAR BETWEEN BULGARIA AND SERBIA: BULGARIANS CAPTURING A POSITION IN THE TZARIBROD PASS, NOV. 23.

FROM A SKETCH BY M. BERNARD, SUPPLIED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF PRINCE ALEXANDER.



## NOVELS.

Lovers of the old-fashioned melodramatic novel, mysterious and sanguinary, full of complications and exciting but improbable incidents, with a vengeful gipsy queen, a wicked lord, a half-married and half-unmarried countess, a misshapen villain, an angelic child, and so on, will do well to try *Garrook*: by Charles Gibbon (John and Robert Maxwell), a three-volume romance, which is likely to suit them down to the ground. It is a story of revenge; and the best of it is that revengeful proceedings are taken against the wrong person, the lovely countess, under an almost total misapprehension. Almost total is the proper expression; for the deformed fiend who persecuted her so relentlessly certainly had a grievance against her, because, having dared to take advantage of the kindness and compassion she showed him, when he was her tutor, so far as to make love and propose marriage to her, he was driven from his situation with horsewhips, apparently with her consent, if not at her instigation. So that he swears to wreak an awful vengeance upon her; and so religiously does he strive to fulfil his vow that he will not allow the poor lady to drown herself comfortably, but pops up at the very nick of time, and rescues her from a watery grave to preserve her for a still more hideous fate. And not only he, but many another character, appears upon the scene at some critical moment with a suddenness and, at the same time, with an opportuneness which may excite amazement, but will assuredly produce that kind of surprise in which the reader of romance delights.

One of the most remarkable chapters in *Mitre-Court*: by Mrs. J. H. Riddell (Richard Bentley and Son), is to be found in the first of the three volumes; it is the third of that volume, and contains an eloquent lament over the havoc wrought by "destroying angels" in all the most picturesque and historic portions of "the City," and over the little good that has been done to herself or to her beloved City by all the pains which the clever novelist has taken to excite, by her most attractive stories, a more keen and general interest in places, persons, and things within the sound of Bow bells. So, on the present occasion, the scene of the novel is laid principally in the City proper, and a considerable part of the drama is enacted in a house that was once the home of Sir Christopher Wren. The chief characters are a miser, conceived and drawn with no little power and originality; a pretty girl, of an uncommon and uncommonly good type; and a German swindler, of an inferior, but very amusing order; and the most entertaining portions of the novel consist of dialogue between the German swindler and the sprightly maiden, the former wooing the latter in a very singular and singularly entertaining fashion, and the latter showing her scorn of his courtship with quite equal singularity and with even more humour. The writer has confined herself, for the most part, to the lower strata of society, and the details are, of course, correspondingly mean and sordid, with a few exceptions; but the treatment of the story—especially in all matters with which the miser has most to do—exhibits those excellent gifts for which the writer is justly celebrated.

Regular readers of this Journal will not need to be told what sort of entertainment they may expect to obtain from *The Master of the Mine*: by Robert Buchanan (Richard Bentley and Son); but irregular readers, who take up periodicals at haphazard, may be glad to have their attention turned to two volumes containing a story which, if it cannot be described as one of the author's very best, is in many respects a notable specimen of the novelist's art, full of vigour, picturesque, dramatic, and—good faith—melodramatic. That it should have been written in the autobiographical form is somewhat unfortunate; for it goes against the grain to listen, as it were, to a hero telling of his own heroic deeds and singing his own praises—at any rate in these modern days; in the days of Homer—when, however, the novel was not known—it was, no doubt, "the cheese" with heroes to proclaim their own virtues and exploits, but even then it was chiefly when hero engaged with hero in a game of brag, that they might lash themselves into condition for a personal encounter; they did not intend their observations for "the gallery." Madeline Graham is a most charming creation, and Annie Pendragon's father and mother, especially the former, are admirable portraits; but Annie herself, though she enlists sympathy, is comparatively commonplace, and her misfortune is of too ordinary a kind, and attended by too ordinary circumstances, for so inventive a genius and so original a thinker as the author.

Possibly a wise discretion, as regards the time of publication, was exercised when *Rainbow Gold*: by David Christie Murray (Smith, Elder, and Co.), was kept back (as some introductory verses seem to indicate was the case) until the author had "made the name" and "the fame," which he certainly has made by other novels of his. For, though the novel under consideration has many good points and some very good characters, especially Ezekiel Round, an excellent and a very diverting portrait, the author has produced many a better one, for the sake of which this other, however inferior, will obtain the success of reputation over and above the success due to its intrinsic merits, scarcely great enough in themselves perhaps to have won for him at the outset of his career the position he attained by the work he submitted to public appreciation. In "Rainbow Gold," though there are striking scenes and capital dialogue, though there is plenty of incident and humour withal, there is somehow a want of amalgamation, a lack of continuous interest. Nor is the fundamental conception, the idea of the big man who quarrels with his father, enlists, deserts, strikes his superior officer, is flogged, escapes from the hospital, and so on, sufficiently original to rivet attention at the commencement; and, on the other hand, there is rather too much of General Coningham, a very disagreeable and uninteresting personage, and of the relentless manner in which he tries to take vengeance on the private who thrice assaulted him—especially as all this has really little to do with the main business of the story, which is the bestowal of the heroine's hand, and the clearing up of a mystery concerning a hidden treasure.

*Camioia*; or, *a Girl with a Fortune*, by Justin McCarthy (Chatto and Windus), is a clever, well-written novel, full of portraits of men and women, who are chiefly characterised by short and pithy, or quaint, epigrammatic sayings; their doings wear, to a great extent, the mark of the unusual—even the appearance of one or two of the inhabitants of Fitzurseham is out of the common. All this is refreshing, and becomes daily a matter of more difficult accomplishment. The character of the so-called Walter Fitzurse is an extremely clever study. Walter is pliable and weak; with a decided want of backbone and high principle; and as, under these conditions, he acts on his impulses, he drifts rapidly downwards. He is one of those men who, full of wonderful ideas as to their capabilities, and sure that they are meant to shine without work or study, let the present glide by unused, looking always on to the future, with its uncertain attendant fame; and so, with an effortless waiting all their lives, they do not gain a solid reward, because the necessary struggle has never been heartily made. No man need expect success who fritters away the important passing moments, or plays idly with the golden chances. When Fitzurse comes to the supreme and critical moments of his life, he is exactly what such a self-conscious melodramatic man would be—weak, *maniéré*, helpless, yet perfectly satisfied

with himself and his folly; and so he drifts vacuously out to the churchyard, and away from his friends. The plots and different loves are early disclosed, and the one question which sustains the story to the end is—How will Camioia eventually shake off her too devoted fiancé? Mrs. Pollen plays such an important part in the lives of everyone that she is a sort of fairy godmother, and is not only always to be found, but has abundant time and means at her disposal, and a delightfully easy faculty of reading everyone's thoughts when least expected, making capital out of this just as the moment prompts. Jethro Merri-day is a pathetic old figure, and when, on his daughter's home-coming, that daughter turns out not quite as he expected, the death of the delusion brings also his quiet, lonely release. The hero and heroine, Kitty Romont's son and Camioia, are, with Christian Pilgrim and Vinnie Lammis, clever and interesting sketches. The fates of several of the characters, with whose lives Mrs. Pollen had had not a little to do, bring to her the conviction that "a greater power than we can contradict" had thwarted her intents, and that her efforts for the happiness of the many had apparently ended in doubt and disappointment. So the ubiquitous, generous Mrs. Pollen disappears from the reader's ken, leaving, however, the wish that a little bit of more vivid happiness had been vouchsafed to her.

*White Heather*, by William Black (Macmillan and Co.), is a charming story; it flows along quietly with no unreal incidents to mark its course as being extraordinary, and ends gently and naturally. The characters are varied and the lives develop under very different circumstances, from the peaceful monotonous life of Meenie in the Highlands, the struggles of Ronald in Glasgow, and his friendship with the boisterous Katie Menzies and her rough, kind-hearted companions, to the two Americans going here and there where fancy takes them. All are excellent studies, and none more so than the practical man possessing strong common-sense with a large heart, a full purse, generous deeds towards those he meets, and a comfortable plan for his future crofter tenants; and his daughter, coming like a brisk breeze on a fine day, full of quips and cranks, and with cheery jokes, and a light-heartedness born of perfect well-being and immunity from care. Her disposition is an appropriate foil to the study of Meenie Douglas, and Mr. Black catches perfectly the shy gentle maiden with the indescribable charm of pure simplicity. The thread of the story is unwound with rapidity, and the reader is at once interested in the American, travelling away from London (which he had evidently found and left under the depressing condition of yellow fog) up to fresh, lovely Scotland, where he awoke to find a clear atmosphere, a bright sweet dawn, and the land shining in the morning sun. The young poet-gamekeeper, Ronald, has a great deal of real individuality about him, with his courteous shy love, and his "foolish recognition of the differences of social position"—as Mr. Hodson finds it. Then come capital descriptions of salmon-fishing, and of successful sport, the catching of Miss Carry's first fish being not only an exciting but an amusing episode. The story of true love goes nigh to being spoilt, but by the brave, simple spirit of the woman, the frayed woof is pieced together, and warp and woof come out as they should. The Pear-tree Well, where lovers plight their troth, is made the scene of a very pretty little bit of love-making; but the marriage of the hero and heroine is pathetic enough, with its immediate parting, and the giving up of the little bridal fineries. Some of the poetry, which is pretty and simple, with local colouring, has been already published. The whole work has a delightful freshness pervading it; the scene of the story is laid chiefly in a pure, bracing atmosphere; and a bright, contented tone rings through the three volumes. The descriptions of scenery are, as usual with the author, very fine and most faithful: Scotch hills, moorland, and lochs are presented under the different glories of dawn, sunset, storm, and tranquillity, in perfect beauty and with equal success. Ronald's dreaming thoughts of Inver-Mudal on a spring day are very striking in their terseness and vigour. The scene rises and stands before the reader, vivid with spring lights and moving figures, all fitting together with a perfect grace; and this grace is conspicuous throughout "White Heather," adding yet another to its many good qualities, all combining to make it an idyll in prose.

We well remember, a good many years ago, reading with great interest a novelette, called "A Lost Love," bearing on the titlepage the *nom de plume* of Ashford Owen. *The Story of Catherine* (Macmillan and Co.), by the same writer, will sustain his (or her!) reputation for delicate and careful workmanship. It is a deeply pathetic narrative, and might appropriately be called "the story of a lost life," for it is impossible to believe that the husband so rashly chosen by Catherine in the prime of her youth and beauty will ever change his weak and selfish nature, although, as we read on the last page, she is "outwardly Mark Avron's contented wife." Mark has no virtue beyond good looks; he is a gambler and a profligate; and though he appears to be attracted by Catherine Ormslie, whose love for him is boundless as the sea, he marries her secretly for the sake of her fortune. In his manoeuvres he is assisted by a married sister, a woman plausible in manners but utterly unscrupulous, and the reader sees at an early stage of the tale that there is little chance of poor Catherine's escape from the toils that surround her. All the while she is loved by a good man, in whom, when the evil days come, she confides as a brother. Comparatively few characters are brought upon the scene, the chief cunning of the artist's hand being devoted to Catherine; but each character is drawn with lifelike lines, and especially worthy of praise is the good French nurse Jeanne, and the delightful Aunt Elizabeth. It is impossible not to admire the subtle skill of the writer in this simple tale, which is distinctly a work of art; but it is almost too sad; and even the hardened novel reader, if he has felt the beauty of Catherine's character, will put the book down with a sigh. We wonder if it is in the power of the author to write a novel in which, after a due amount of struggle, the hero and heroine, according to the good fashion of the old story-books, shall "live happily ever afterwards"? "The Story of Catherine," despite its sadness, is far too good a work to be lost sight of among the numerous tales issued at this season.

The invention of M. Jules Verne would appear to be inexhaustible. Tale after tale has proved for years past the fertility of his brain; and this Christmas *The Archipelago on Fire* (Sampson Low), the last but not the least interesting of his stories, will be read, we doubt not, by countless boys and girls. The scene of the tale is the Grecian archipelago, and the time the War of Independence—a struggle in which Lord Byron may be said to have sacrificed his life. At that time pirates swarmed in the archipelago, and the hero of M. Verne's tale, Henry D'Albaret by name, succeeds, after innumerable perils, in clearing the seas of this pest, and in saving from his worst enemy and hers, the girl he loved. Hadjine Elizondo is a noble type of heroine, and the reader will follow her fortunes with interest. There is a scene in a slave market which is described with great spirit, and so also is the decisive and deadly struggle on board ship. When we add that the moral tone of the book is excellent, and that the prettily got-up volume contains fifty illustrations, we have said enough to show that, at this gift-giving season, "The Archipelago on Fire" deserves to be remembered.

## NEW BOOKS.

A new edition, in bold type and in three volumes, of *The Complete Poetical Works of Lord Byron: with an Introductory Memoir by William B. Scott* (Routledge and Sons), has much to commend it to the purchaser. We cannot agree with Mr. Scott that the poet's celebrity, from the morning on which he woke and found himself famous down to the present time, has had no interval or diminution. On the contrary, we think his fame has very sensibly declined. Byron's affectations, his meretricious themes, his carelessness as to form, his want of ear for harmony, and his capacity for sneering, have served to obscure his unrivalled wit and that passionate ardour which burns through all his verse like a volcano. Mr. Scott falls into the common error of supposing that Byron's genius exempts him from the laws to which ordinary men do homage. With a little grammatical inaccuracy, and with much dimness of vision, he writes:—"The education of a poet, the self-culture of an exponent of human passion and emotional nature, must be allowed to 'know all things, and to hold fast that which is best.' He is a rule to himself, and society may follow orthodoxy and taboo him or not as it pleases: it will at last come under his influence and acknowledge him wise." And he adds that what the poet *did* matters little. This is nonsense. The poet is, in the first place, subject to laws in relation to his art; and to the laws of morality he is equally bounden, for his life, as Milton finely says, ought itself to be a true poem. There is, otherwise, a rift within the lute that turns his music into discord.

About a year ago a facsimile reproduction of the first edition of "Rasselas" was published in two volumes by Mr. Elliot Stock. The same publisher has now issued *The Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith*: being a facsimile reproduction of the first edition, published in 1766, with an introduction by Austin Dobson (2 vols.). Mr. Dobson's preface contains one or two new and interesting discoveries. It has been hitherto supposed that Goldsmith's arrest and Johnson's intervention when the manuscript of the novel was sold for £60 took place in 1764. It now appears, from an account-book in the possession of Mr. Welsh, a member of the firm of Griffith, Farran, and Co., that a printer of Salisbury purchased a third share of "The Vicar of Wakefield" in 1762. There are difficulties in reconciling this fact with Johnson's statements; but one of them is made plain by it. He told Boswell that the bookseller kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after the "Traveller" had appeared. That poem was brought out on Dec. 19, 1764, and if the "Vicar" had been purchased late in the same year (for there are facts to prove it could not have been early), then Johnson's expression, "a long time," would have less meaning. Fifteen months is scarcely a long period, and the Vicar of Wakefield appeared in March, 1776; but if there were three years and more between the purchase and the publication, the statement is explained. A copious bibliography of the novel follows Mr. Dobson's preface. A dainty little edition is omitted from the catalogue—namely, one published by Jones and Co., under the name of "Diamond Classics," and called also on the title-page "University edition." The tiny volume has two title-pages, and, strange to say, two dates, one of them 1825, the other 1829. Mr. Dobson, however, guards his readers from supposing that his list is exhaustive; but he adds that it claims to be the first of its kind. Little could Goldsmith foresee the enormous popularity of his wonderful romance, which has been translated into all European languages, and has charmed, and will continue to charm, countless readers. We observe that a new translation, with illustrations in colours by Poirson, forms one of the *éditions de luxe* published this season in Paris. Mr. Stock's beautiful fac-simile of the first edition, which in form closely resembles the first edition of "Rasselas," is deserving of a place in every library.

The author of "Salad for the Solitary and the Social" has published a volume called *Pastime Papers* (Bentley), which he hopes may serve to lessen the general sadness of the age. Whether the age be sad is a question not to be discussed here; but we fear that Mr. Saunders' neatly-written essays are not half so likely to lessen melancholy as a gallop on horseback or a game at lawn-tennis. However, the reader may be grateful for these papers on a wet day, and on the finest of days he will find some amusement in the essays on "Letters and Letter-Writing," on "The Old Masters," and on "Genius in Jail." The tone of the volume is good throughout, but the articles are more remarkable for the accumulation of interesting facts than for beauty of thought or style.

A familiar literary form which is specially associated with the name of Boccaccio, has been employed by Mr. Robert Buchanan in his latest volume of poetry. *The Earthquake; or, Six Days and a Sabbath* (Chatto and Windus) deals with life from the standing-point of doubters, Positivists, and orthodox believers. The Lady Barbara of Kensington, "full of culture to the finger tips," receives, in her London mansion, all the wisdom and folly of the land. Thither flock the favourites of fashion, and thither, too,

The last great traveller in Gorilla-land,  
The newest painter or musician,  
The poet latest found, and most divine,  
Flock'd, sure of worship and a cup of tea.

But the great city is alarmed by an earthquake; and when the murmur came—

The teacup trembled in the scuffer's hand,  
The wise looked foolish, and the lions ran,  
Lowing together, like affrighted storks.

So the Lady Barbara hastens back to her native Scotland, and the apostles of the creeds—long-haired aesthetes and long-winded scientists—follow her in crowds. There, under the summer sky, while the air is filled with summer music and the dove is cooing in the woods, they discuss what Barbara calls the "Great Problem." A conception very similar has been carried out, as our readers will remember, by Mr. Mallock, in prose; but it is Mr. Buchanan's aim to treat the beliefs of modern thinkers poetically, and, in doing this, he has produced, under feigned names, characters whose personality will be readily detected. Mr. Buchanan treats his argument poetically, as a poet should; but the charm of the work is to be found, perhaps, chiefly in its accessories, and especially in the delicate and faithful pictures of external nature. These pictures are never overdrawn. To do justice to the poet, it would be necessary to quote long passages. But, as one instance of truthful representation, take the following:—

And here the willow trailed her yellow locks  
In golden shallows, whence the kingfisher  
Flashed like a living topaz, and was gone.

And there, from shadowy oaks that fringed the stream,  
The squirrel stood upright and looked at us  
With beaded eyes; and all the flowery birds  
Were loud with hum of bees and song of birds;  
And often on the smooth and silent pools,  
Brimful of golden warmth and heavenly light,  
The salmon sprang a foot into the sun,  
Sparkled in panoply of silver mail,  
And sank in the circle of his own bright leap!

It may be added that the present volume contains the first three days only, but it is said to be practically complete in itself.